

*HYMNS
& FOR
WORSHIP*

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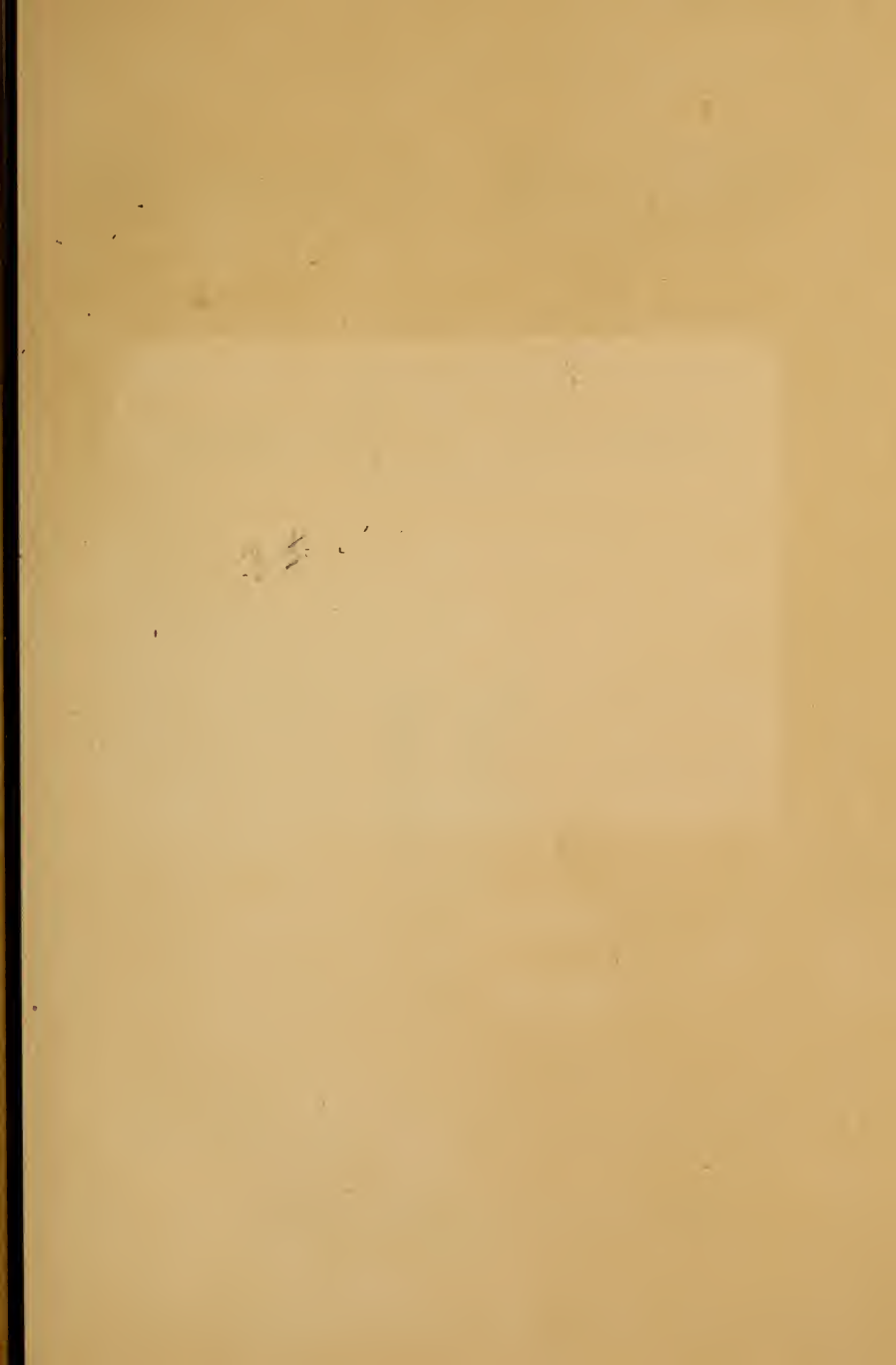
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Hymns for Worship

For use in the
Sunday School, the Prayer Meeting
and the Home



Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.

Philadelphia
Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work
1908

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PREFACE.

In response to an appeal from our Sunday-school missionaries, the Board published a manual entitled *Helps for Worship*. This little book contained selections of Scripture, responsive readings, forms of prayer that would be suggestive to those who are called upon to lead in prayer in public or at home; the Brief Statement of the Reformed Faith, one or two short articles explanatory of the spirit of the Presbyterian Church, and a collection of familiar hymns.

There has been a large demand for this manual, the first two editions having been exhausted in less than six months.

There have also been requests made for the publication of the hymns alone. In response to these appeals, this little hymn book is published. It will be found to contain many of the best hymns of the Church, and will be suitable for use in Sunday schools, prayer meetings, song services, and similar gatherings.

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Mrs. A. J. Gordon, for the *hymn and tune*, "My Jesus, I Love Thee," from "The Coronation Hymnal."

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Mr. H. H. McGranahan, for the *hymn and tune*, "Fix Your Eyes upon Jesus."

Mrs. Mary Runyon Lowry, for the *tune*, "We're Marching to Zion," and the *hymn and tune*, "Nothing but the Blood of Jesus."

Mr. C. C. Converse, for the *tunes*, "Erie" and "I Am Not Worthy."


The Biglow & Main Co., for their *hymn and tune*, "I Hear Thy Welcome Voice," and W. H. Doane's *hymn and tune*, "Rescue the Perishing."

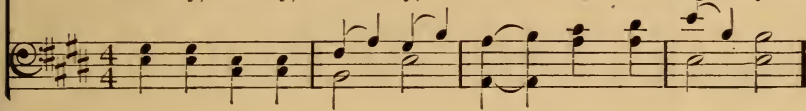
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty

(NICÆA 11, 12, 12, 10.)

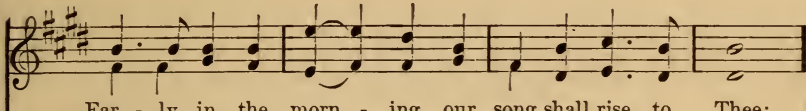
Bishop Reginald Heber, publ. 1827

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

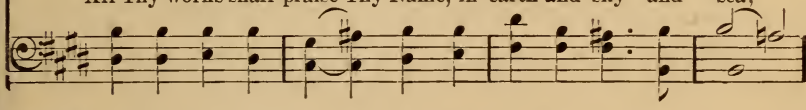
- 
1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Though the darkness hide Thee,
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!



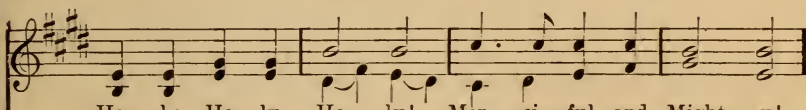
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!



God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
 God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

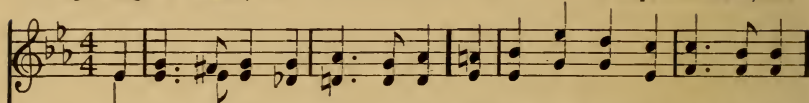


Fling Out the Banner

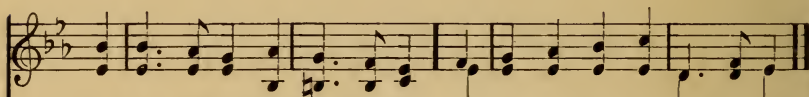
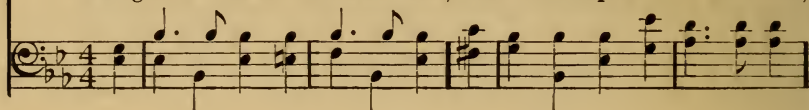
(WALTHAM L. M.)

Bishop George W. Doane, 1848

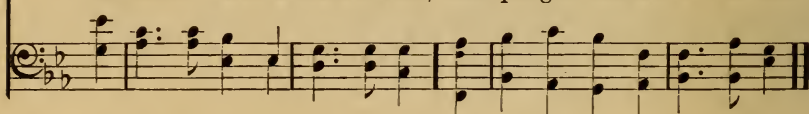
J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



1. Fling out the banner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the banner! an-gels bend In anxious si-lence o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the banner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight,
4. Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife,



The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Saviour died.
And vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The wonder of the love Di-vine.
And nations, crowding to be born, Baptize their spir-its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.



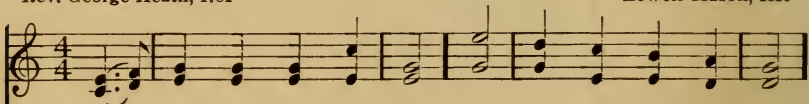
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!</p> | <p>6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.</p> |
|---|--|

3 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard

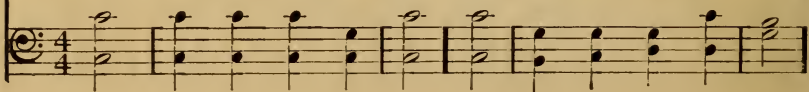
(LABAN S. M.)

Rev. George Heath, 1781

Lowell Mason, 1830



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise,
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - tory won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;



My Soul, Be On Thy Guard, Continued

A host of sins are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold-ly ev - ery day, And help Di-vine im-plore.
 Thine arduous work will not be done, Till thou ob-tain thy crown.
 He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode.

4

Joy to the World

(ANTIOCH C. M.)

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1742

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth receive her King; Let ev - ery
2. Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns: Let men their songs employ; While fields and
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories

heart pre - pare Him room,	And heaven and na-ture sing,	And
floods, rocks, hills, and plains	Re-peat the sound-ing joy,	Re -
make His bless-ings flow	Far as the curse is found,	Far
of His right-eous-ness,	And wonders of His love,	And
	And heaven and na-ture	

heaven and na-ture sing,	And heaven, and heaven and na-ture sing.
peat the sounding joy,	Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
as the curse is found,	Far as, far as the curse is found.
won - ders of His love,	And won', and won - ders of His love.
sing,.....	

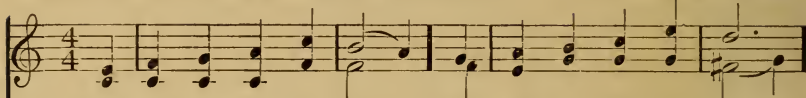
And heaven and na-ture sing,

When Morning Gilds the Skies

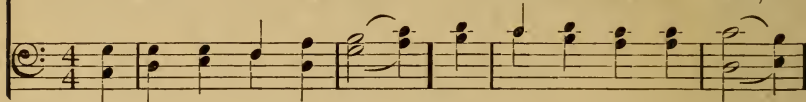
(LAUDES DOMINI 6s. 6l.)

Anon. (German.) Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1853, 1858

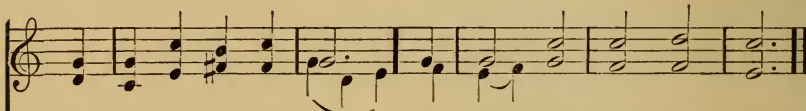
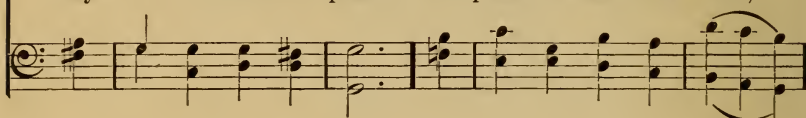
Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868



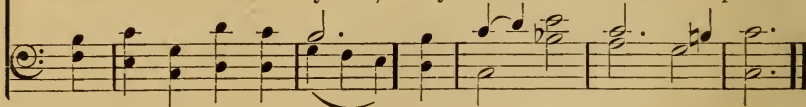
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|------------------------------------|--------------------------|-------|
| 1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, | My heart a - wak - ing | cries |
| 2. When sleep her balm de - nies, | My si - lent spir - it | sighs |
| 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind? | A sol - ace here I find, | |
| 4. In heaven's e - ter - nal bliss | The love-liest strain is | this, |



- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| May Je - sus Christ be praised: | A - like at work and prayer |
| May Je - sus Christ be praised: | When e - vil thoughts mo - lest, |
| May Je - sus Christ be praised: | Or fades my earth - ly bliss? |
| May Je - sus Christ be praised: | The powers of dark - ness fear, |



- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| To Je - sus I re - pair; | May Je - sus Christ be praised. |
| With this I shield my breast, | May Je - sus Christ be praised. |
| My com-fort still is this, | May Je - sus Christ be praised. |
| When this sweet chant they hear, | May Je - sus Christ be praised. |



5 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

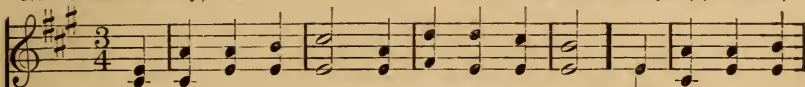
6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle Divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

We Servants of God

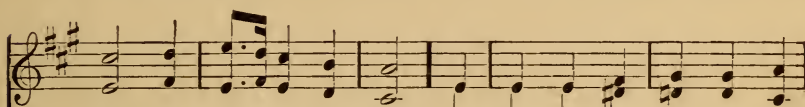
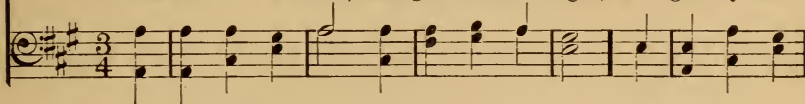
(LYONS 10s & 11s.)

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744

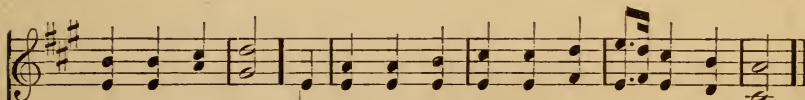
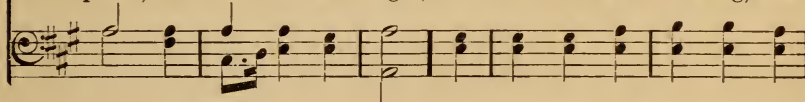
Arr. from Michael Haydn, (1737-1806)



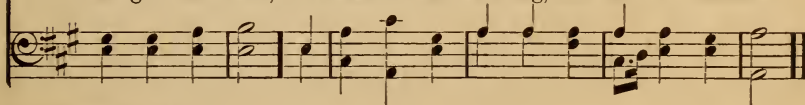
1. Ye servants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-
2. God rul-eth on high, al-might-y to save; And still He is
3. Sal - va - tion to God, who sits on the throne! Let all cry a-
4. Then let us a - dore, and give Him His right, All glo - ry and



broad His won - der - ful Name; The Name, all - vic - to - rious, of
 nigh—His pres - ence we have: The great con - gre - ga - tion His
 loud, and hon - or the Son: The prais - es of Je - sus the
 power, and wis - dom and might, All hon - or and bless - ing, with



Je - sus ex - tol; His kingdom is glo - rious, and rules o - ver all.
 tri - umph shall sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus, our King.
 an - gels pro - claim, Fall down on their fa - ces and wor - ship the Lamb.
 an - gels a - bove, And thanks never ceas - ing, and in - fi - nite love.



7 (LYONS 10s & 11s.)

1 O worship the King all-glorious above,
 O gratefully sing His power and His love;
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
 days,
 Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
 praise.

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
 clouds form,
 And dark is His path on the wings of the
 storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
 It streams from the hills; it descends to the
 plain;
 And sweetly distills in the dew and the
 rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
 Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the
 end,
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and
 Friend!

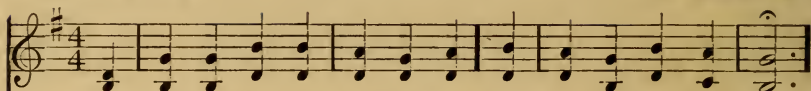
Sir Robert Grant, 1833

All Hail the Power

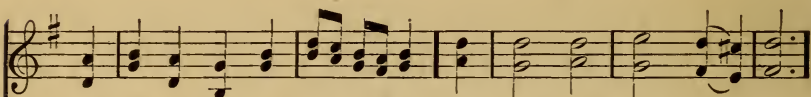
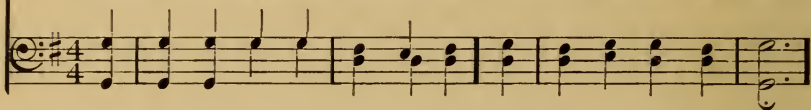
E. Perronet, 1779-80

(CORONATION. C. M.)

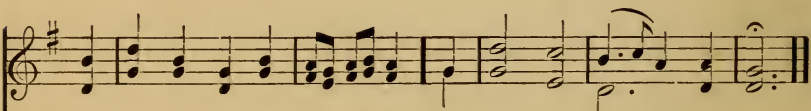
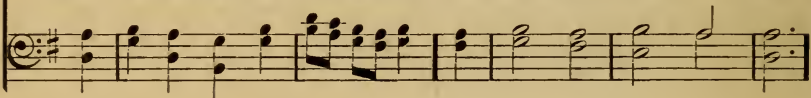
Oliver Holden, 1793



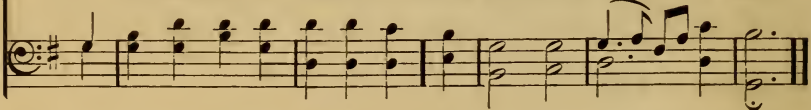
1. All hail the power of Je-sus' Name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this float-ing ball;
 3. Crown Him, ye mar-tyrs of your God Who from His al-tar call;



- Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Ex-tol the Stem of Jes-se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;



- Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Ex-tol the Stem of Jes-se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.



- 4 Ye seeds of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransomed of the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

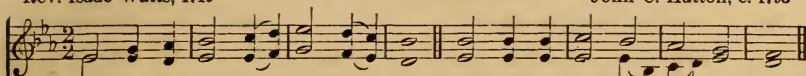
- 7 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Jesus Shall Reign

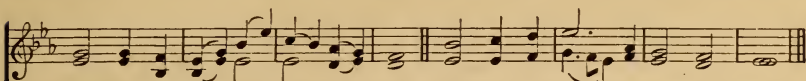
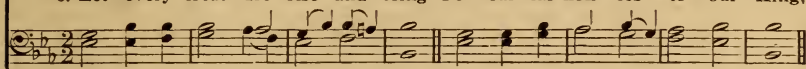
(DUKE STREET L. M.)

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

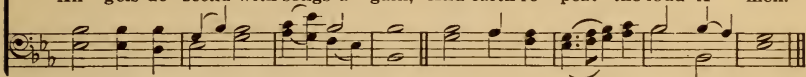
John C. Hatton, c. 1793



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive journeys run;
2. For Him shall end-less prayer be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
4. Blessings a-bound wher-e'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
5. Let every creat - ure rise and bring Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to our King,



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice;
 And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their early blessings on His Name.
 The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.

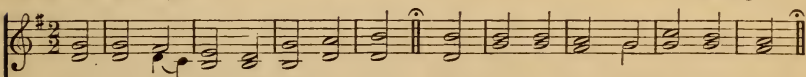


10 All People That on Earth Do Dwell

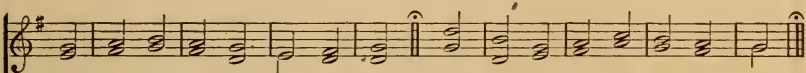
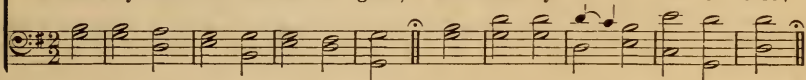
(OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.)

Rev. Wm. Kethe, 1561

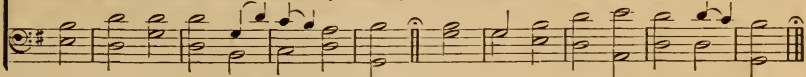
L. Bourgeois



1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
2. The Lord ye know is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make;
3. O en - ter then His gates with praise, Ap - proach with joy His courts un - to;
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for ev - er sure;



Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
 We are His flock, He doth us feed; And for His sheep He doth us take.
 Praise, laud, and bless His Name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
 His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.



11

Tune, Old Hundreth L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

12

Grace.

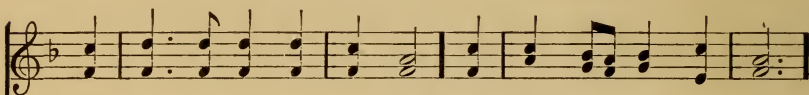
May be sung before meat

Tune, Old Hundredth L. M.

Be present at our table, Lord,
 Be here and everywhere adored;
 These mercies bless, and grant that we
 May feast in Paradise with Thee.



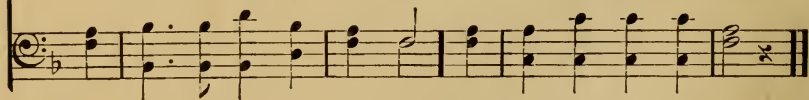
1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright; }
 2. { On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth; }
 { On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth; }
 3. { Thou art a port pro-tect-ed From storms that round us rise; }
 { A gar-den in-ter-sect-ed With streams of Par-a-dise; }



On thee the high and low-ly, Through a-ges joined in tune,
 On thee our Lord vic-to-rious, The Spir-it sent from heaven;
 Thou art a cool-ing fount-ain In life's dry, drear-y sand;



Sing Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the great God Tri-une.
 And thus on thee, most glo-rious, A tri-ple light was given.
 From thee, like Pis-gah's mountain, We view our prom-ised land.

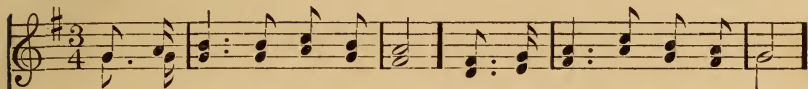


4 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls:
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

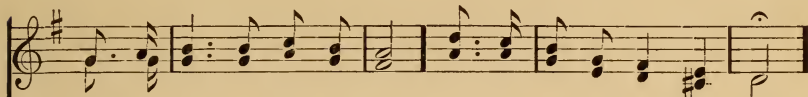
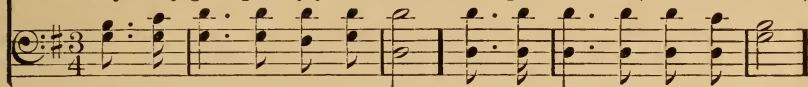
5 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

Rev. John Newton, 1774: alt.

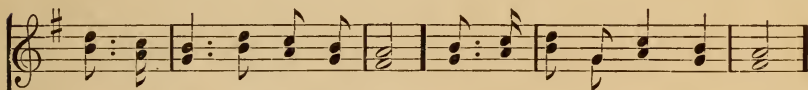
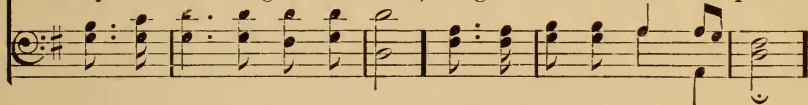
Lowell Mason, 1824



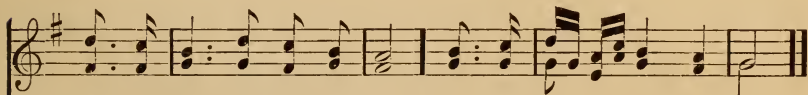
1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for pardoning grace, Through the dear Re - deem - er's Name,
3. Here we come Thy Name to praise, Let us feel Thy presence near;
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;



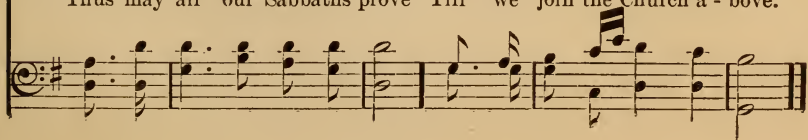
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
 Show Thy re - con - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame;
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
 May the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee;
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast;
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove Till we join the Church a - bove;



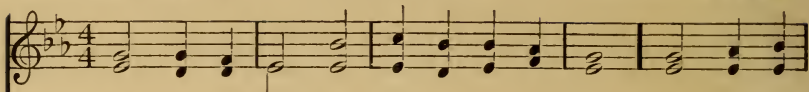
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove Till we join the Church a - bove.



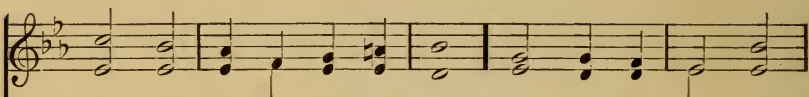
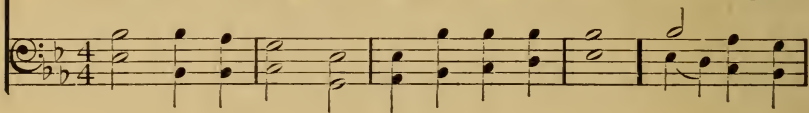
Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1847

(EVENTIDE 10s.)

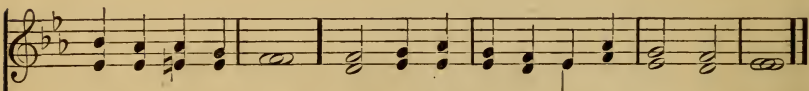
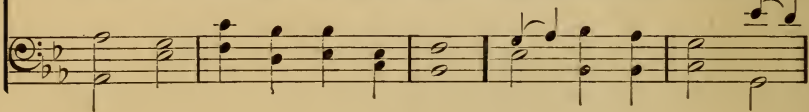
William H. Monk, 1861



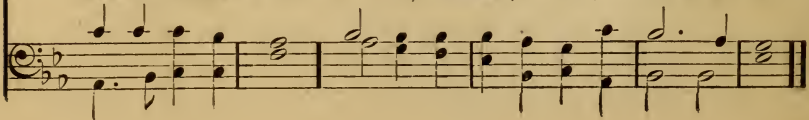
1. A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless: Ills have no
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid: When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the temp - ter's power? Who like Thy - self my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? where,
 gloom, and point me to the skies: Heaven's morning breaks, and



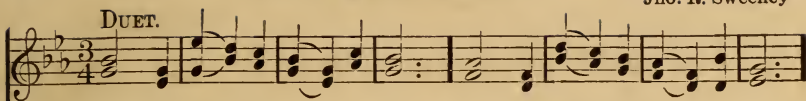
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bid with me.
 all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bid with me.
 guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O a - bid with me.
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bid with me.
 earth's vain shadows flee: In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me.



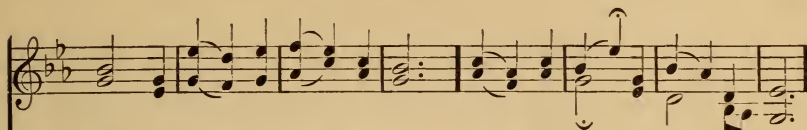
Who Hath Sorrow

Jno. R. Sweeney

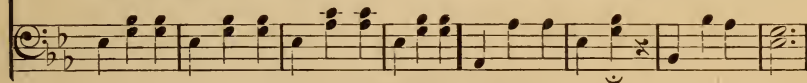
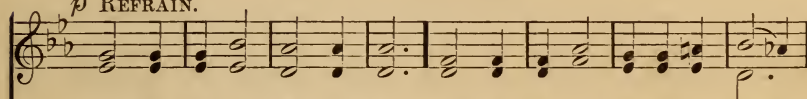
DUET.



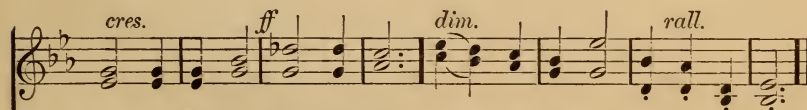
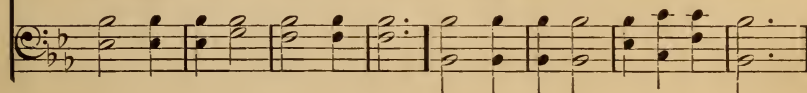
1. Who hath sor - row? who hath woe? Who hath babbling? who hath strife?
2. They that tar - ry at the wine, They that love the feast and song,
3. Drink-er, turn, and leave the bowl: Drunkards can- not en - ter heaven.



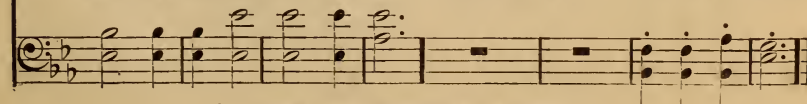
Who to swift de-struc- tion go, Turn- ing from the path of life?
 They that fie - ry drinks combine, Ear - ly haste and tar - ry long.
 Christ hath died to save thy soul; Flee to Him, and be for-given.

*p* REFRAIN.

Who hath sorrow? who hath woe? They that tar-ry long at the wine.



Who hath sorrow? who hath woe? They that tar-ry long at the wine.

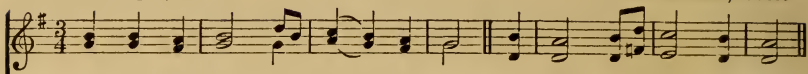


for a Closer Walk with God

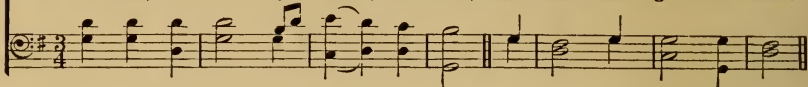
(ALEXANDRIA C. M.)

William Cowper, 1772

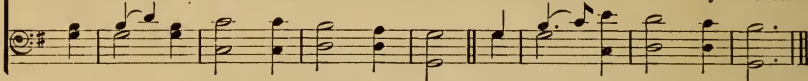
William Arnold, c. 1800



1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
 3. What peaceful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their memory still!
 4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove; re - turn, Sweet Mes - sen - ger of rest:



A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
 But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn And drove Thee from my breast.



5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

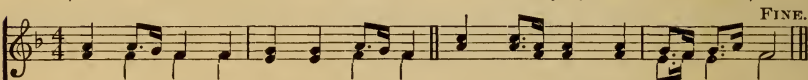
6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

Lord, Dismiss Us

(GREENVILLE 8s. 7s. & 4s.)

Anon, 1773. Ascribed to Rev. John Fawcett

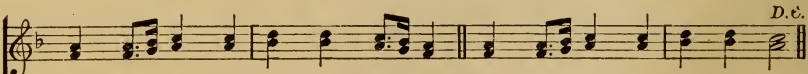
Melody by Jean J. Rousseau, 1750



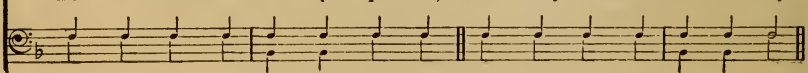
1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 2. Thanks we give and a - dor - a - tion For Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound:
 3. So that when Thy love shall call us, Sav - iour, from the world a - way,



D.C.—O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Traveling through this wil - der - ness.
 D.C.—Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful, To the truth may we be found,
 D.C.—May we ev - er, may we ev - er, Reign with Thee in end - less day.



Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace:
 May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound:
 Let no fear of death ap - pal us, Glad Thy summons to o - bey:

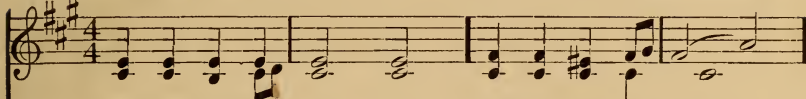


How the Day Is Over

(MERRIAL 6s. & 5s.)

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

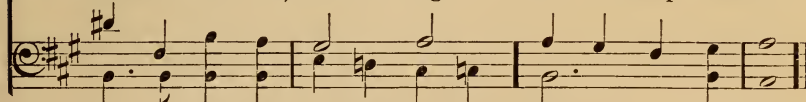
Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 2. Now the dark-ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep;
 3. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
 4. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of Thee;



- Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
 Birds, and beasts, and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
 With Thy ten-derest bless - ing May mine eye - lids close.
 Guard the sai - lers, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.



even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.

- 5 Comfort every sufferer
 Watching late in pain;
 Those who plan some evil
 From their sin restrain.
 6 Through the long night-watches
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

- 7 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.
 8 Glory to the Father,
 Glory to the Son,
 And to Thee, blest Spirit,
 Whilst all ages run.

20 (Tune, Greenville 8s. 7s. & 4s.)

- 1 Saviour! visit Thy plantation;
 Grant us, Lord! a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation
 Unless Thou return again;
 Lord! revive us,
 All our help must come from Thee.

- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest for want of Thine assistance
 Every plant should droop and die.
 Lord! revive us,
 All our help must come from Thee.

- 3 Dearest Saviour! hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again;
 Oh, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain.
 Lord! revive us,
 All our help must come from Thee.

- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive Thy work afresh.
 Lord! revive us,
 All our help must come from Thee.

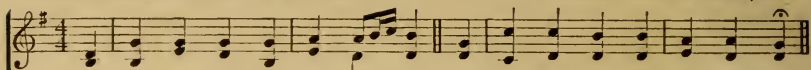
Rev. John Newton

All Praise to Thee

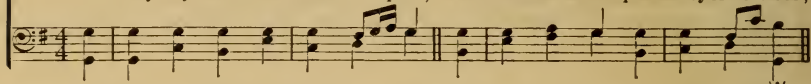
(TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN L. M.)

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693 (text of 1709)

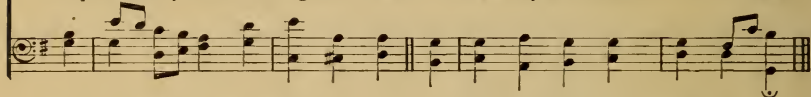
Alt. from Thomas Tallis, 1560



1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;
2. For - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done;
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed;
4. O may my soul on Thee re - pose, And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;



Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - neath Thy own al - might - y wings.
 That with the world, my-self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
 To die, that this vile bod - y may Rise glo - rious at the aw - ful day.
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make To serve my God when I a - wake.



5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.

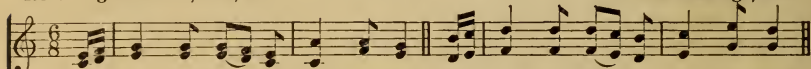
6 O when shall I in endless day
 For ever chase dark sleep away,
 And hymns with the supernal choir
 Incessant sing, and never tire!

From Every Stormy Wind

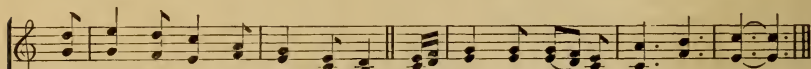
(RETREAT L. M.)

Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1827, 1831

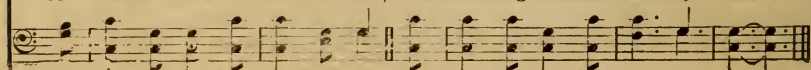
Thomas Hastings, 1842



1. From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
3. There is a spot where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend,
4. Ah, whither could we flee for aid, When tempted, des - o - late, dismayed,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.
 A place than all be-sides more sweet; It is the blood-stained mer - cy - seat.
 Though Sundered far; by faith they meet A - round the com-mon mer - cy - seat.
 Or how the hosts of hell de - feat, Had suffering saints no mer - cy - seat?



From Every Stormy Wind, Continued

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. [greet,

6 O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

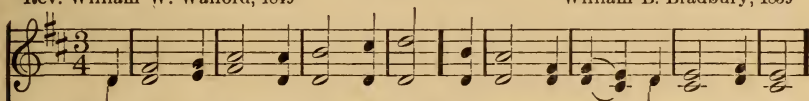
23

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

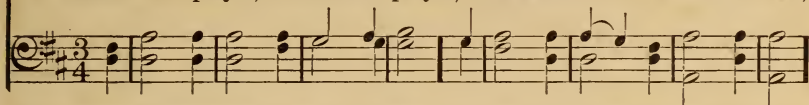
Rev. William W. Walford, 1849

(L. M. 10 lines.)

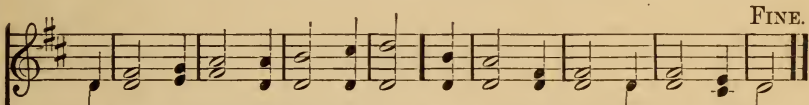
William B. Bradbury, 1859



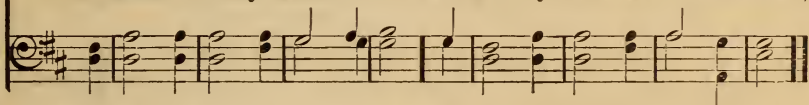
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,



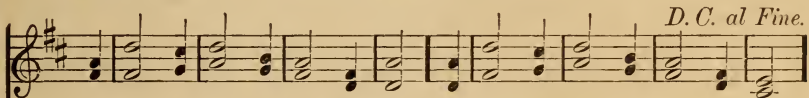
D. C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.



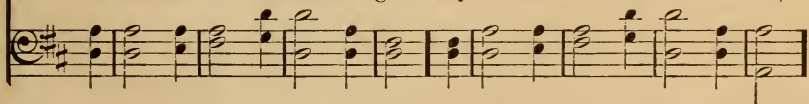
And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known;



And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.



In sea-sons of distress and grief My soul has oft - en found re-lief,



2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear,

To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
||: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of
prayer. :||

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,

May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize; [air,
||: And shout, while passing through the
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of
prayer. :||

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782

(DENNIS S. M.)

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli,
by Lowell Mason, 1845

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love:
 2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar- dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu- tual woes, Our mu- tual bur- dens bear,
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one, Our com- forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way,
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss

Anne Steel, 1760:

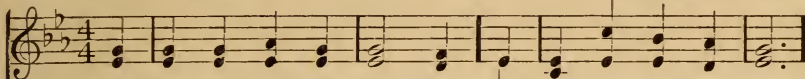
(NAOMI C. M.)

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli,
by Lowell Mason, 1836

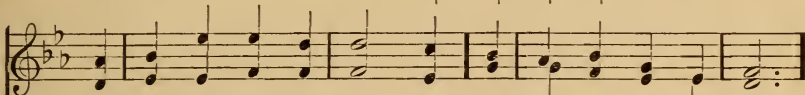
Alt. Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776

1. Fa-ther, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,
 2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - ery mur-mur free;
 3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

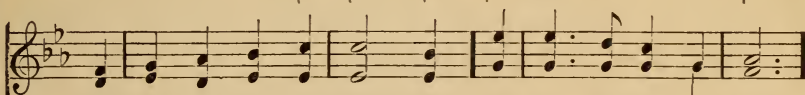
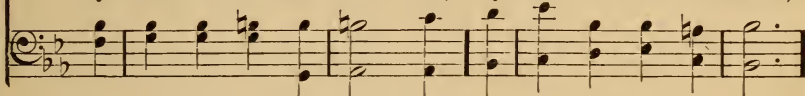
Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti-tion rise.
 The blessings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.
 Thy presence through my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.



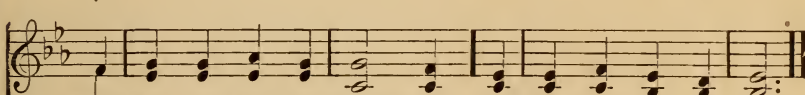
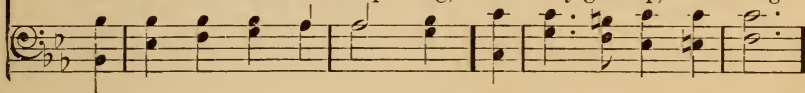
1. The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. Though with a scorn - ful won - der Men see her sore op-pressed,



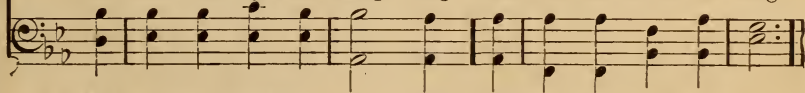
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis-tressed,



From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;
 One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par-takes one ho - ly food;
 Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en-dued.
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.

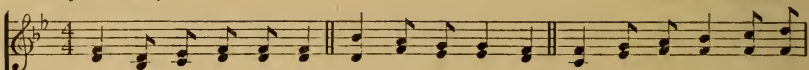


4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

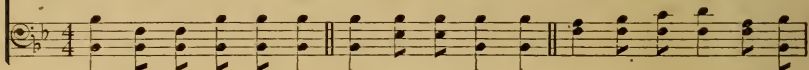
5 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won:
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we,
 Like them the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby

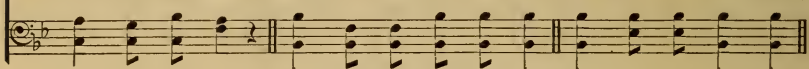
W. H. Doane



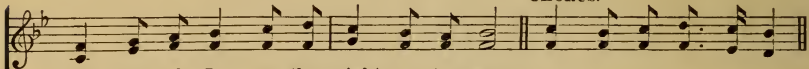
1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
 2. Though they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



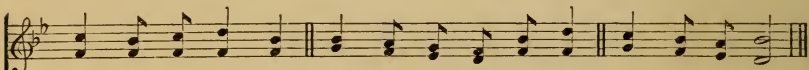
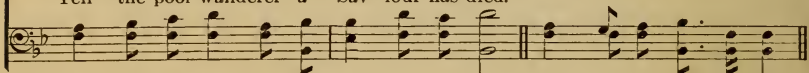
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
 child to re - ceive; Plead with them earn - est - ly, Plead with them gent - ly;
 grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind - ness,
 Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;



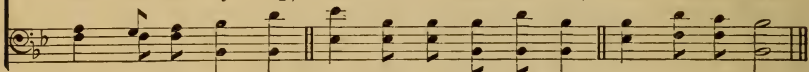
CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. } Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
 Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
 Tell the poor wanderer a Sav - iour has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.



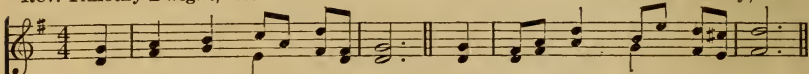
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I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

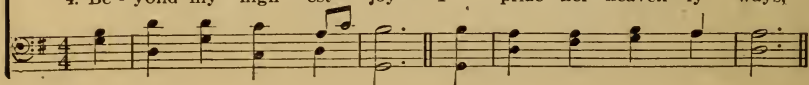
(SHIRLAND S. M.)

Rev. Timothy Dwight, 1800

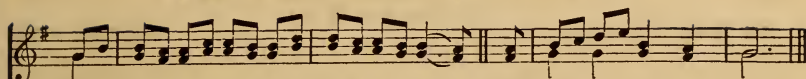
Samuel Stanley, 1805



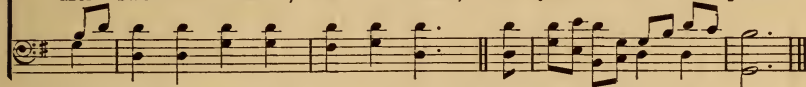
1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
 2. I love Thy Church, O God: Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend;
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heaven - ly ways,



I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord, Continued



The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own precious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra - ven on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.



5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.

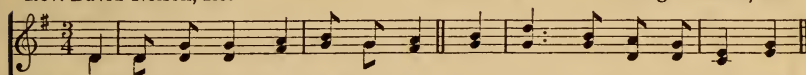
6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

29 My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By

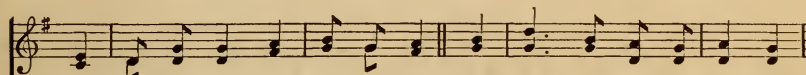
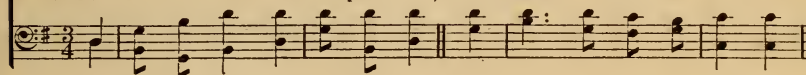
(SHINING SHORE 8s. & 7s. D.)

Rev. David Nelson, 1835

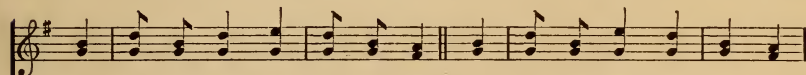
George F. Root, 1859



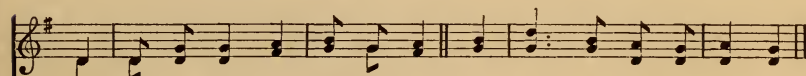
1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,
 2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing;
 3. Should com - ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing;
 4. Let sor - row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;



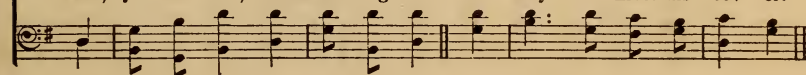
Would not de - tain them as they fly, These hours of toil and dan - ger.
 Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, "Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing."
 That per - fect rest can naught mo - lest Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
 Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For ev - er, oh, for ev - er!

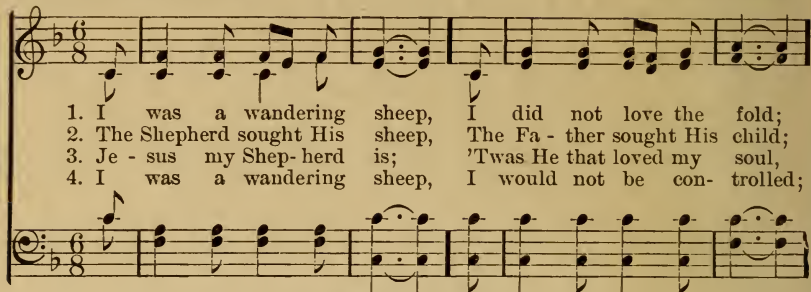


For oh, we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver,

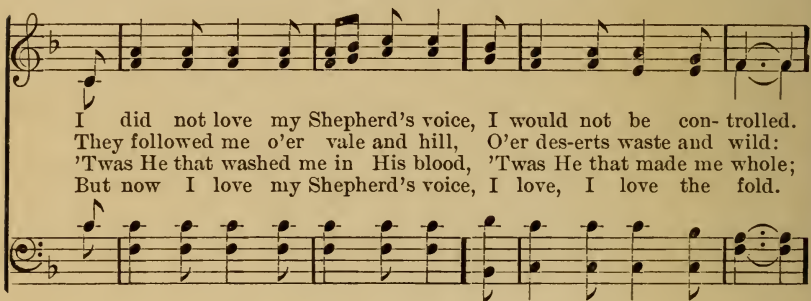


And, just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

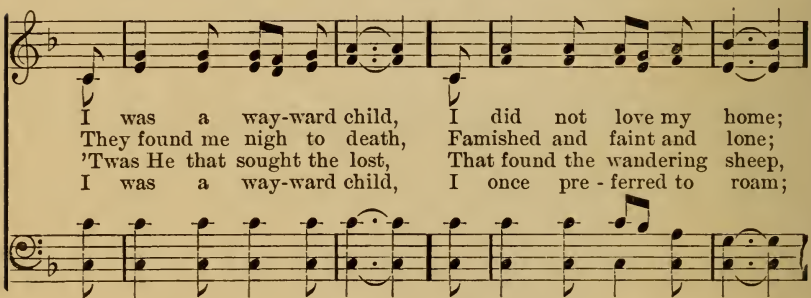




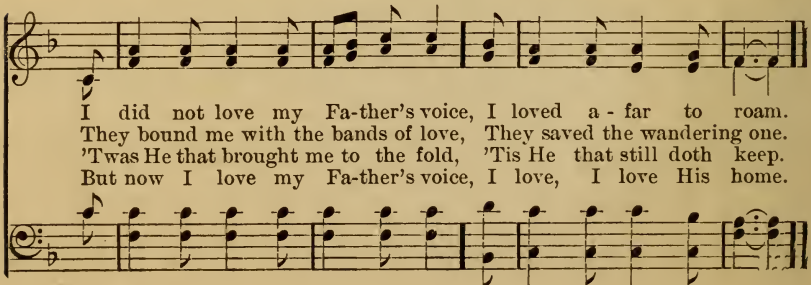
1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold;
 2. The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought His child;
 3. Je - sus my Shep- herd is; 'Twas He that loved my soul;
 4. I was a wandering sheep, I would not be con- trolled;



I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con- trolled.
 They followed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wild;
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole;
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice, I love, I love the fold.



I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;
 They found me nigh to death, Famished and faint and lone;
 'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wandering sheep,
 I was a way-ward child, I once pre - ferred to roam;



I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
 They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one.
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.
 But now I love my Fa-ther's voice, I love, I love His home.

Just As I Am

(WOODWORTH L. M.)

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

William B. Bradbury, 1849

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Fight-ing and fears within, without, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.</p> | <p>6 Just as I am! Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.</p> |
|--|--|

To-Day the Saviour Calls

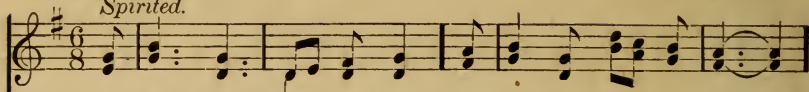
Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1831: alt. Thomas Hastings

Lowell Mason, 1831

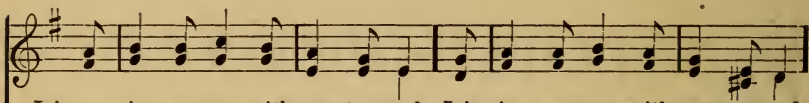
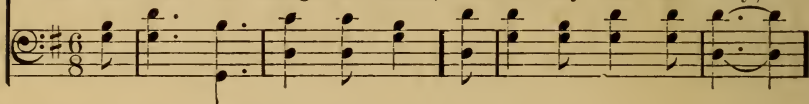
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 To-day the Saviour calls:
 Ye wanderers, come;
 O ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam?</p> <p>2 To-day the Saviour calls:
 O listen now;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.</p> | <p>3 To-day the Saviour calls:
 For refuge fly;
 The storm of vengence falls,
 Ruin is nigh.</p> <p>4 The Spirit calls to-day:
 Yield to His power;
 O grieve Him not away,
 'Tis mercy's hour.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

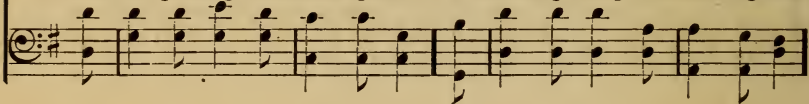
Rev. R. Lowry

Spirited.

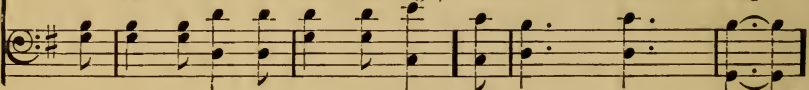
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing That nev - er knew our God;
3. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gun be - low;
4. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets,
5. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ery tear be dry;



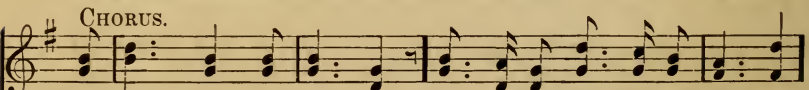
Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord,
 But children of the heavenly King, But chil - dren of the heavenly King
 Ce - les - tial fruits on earthly ground, Ce - les - tial fruits on earthly ground
 Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields,
 We're marching through Emmanuel's ground, We're marching through Emmanuel's ground



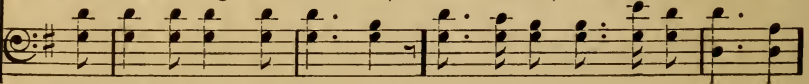
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 From faith and hope may grow, From faith and hope may grow.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.



And thus surround the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on;



We're marching on to Zi - on,

We're Marching to Zion, Continued

We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful ci - ty of God.

Zi-on, Zion,

34

Fix your Eyes upon Jesus

W. W. D.

James McGranahan

1. Would you lose your load of sin? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
 2. Would you calm - ly walk the wave? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
 3. Would you have your cares grow light? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
 4. Griev - ing, would you com-fort know? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
 5. Would you strength in weakness have? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;

Would you know God's peace within? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
 Would you know His power to save? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
 Would you songs have in the night? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
 Hum - ble be when bless-ings flow? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
 See a light be-yond the grave? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;

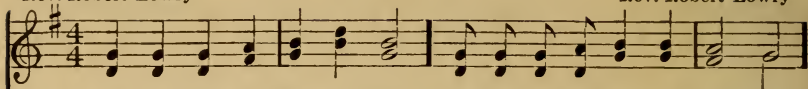
CHORUS.

Je - sus who on the cross did die, Je - sus who *lives* and *reigns* on high,

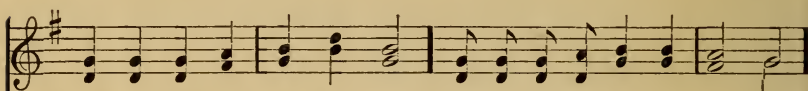
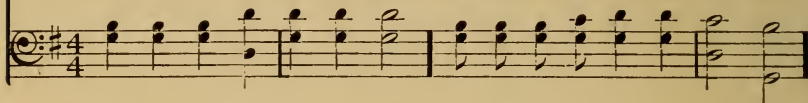
He a-lone can jus - ti - fy; Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus.

Rev. Robert Lowry

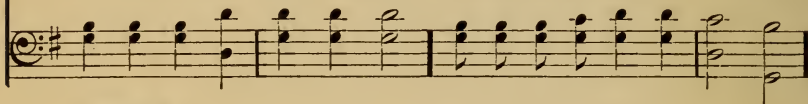
Rev. Robert Lowry



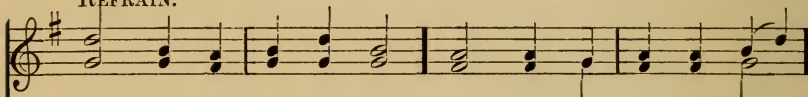
1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleansing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Now by this I'll o - ver - come— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
6. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;



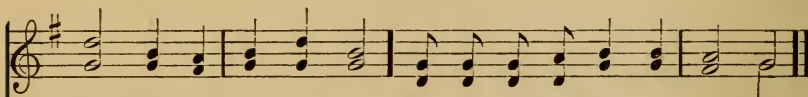
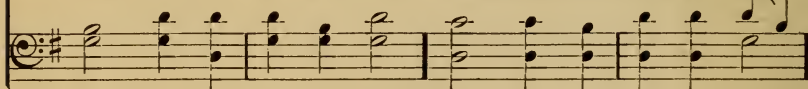
What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my par - don this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 This is all my right - eous - ness— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Now by this I'll reach my home— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 All my praise for this I bring— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.



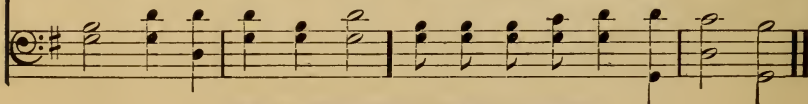
REFRAIN.



Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

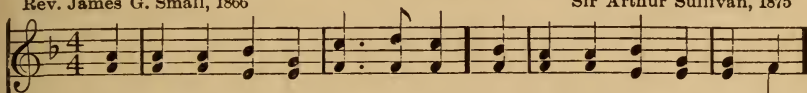


No oth - er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

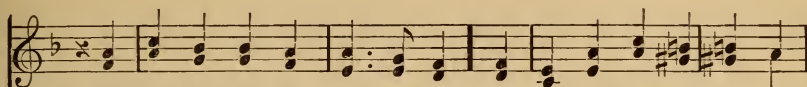
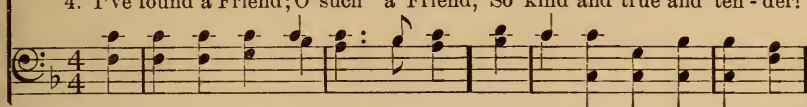


Rev. James G. Small, 1866

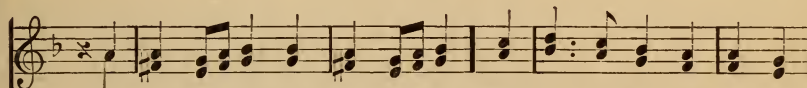
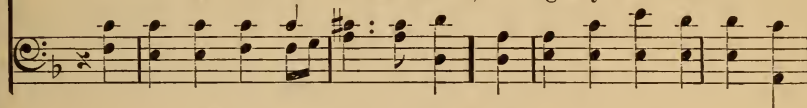
Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1875



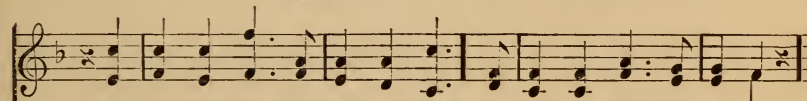
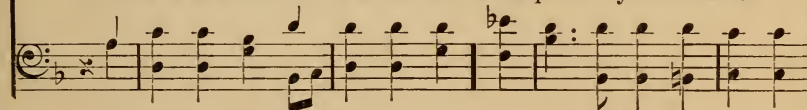
1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! All power to Him is giv-en,
4. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend, So kind and true and ten-der!



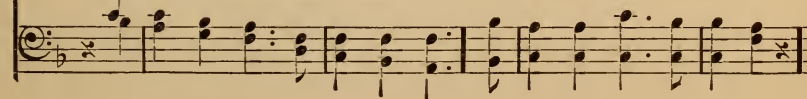
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;
 And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
 To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav-en:
 So wise a Coun-sel-lor and Guide, So might-y a De-fen-der!



And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sever,
 Naught that I have my own I'll call, I'll hold it for the Giv-er;
 E-ter-nal glo-ry gleams a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:
 From Him who loves me now so well What power my soul shall sev-er?



For I am His, and He is mine, For ev-er and for ev-er.
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for ev-er.
 So now to watch, to work, to war; And then to rest for ev-er.
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No: I am His for ev-er.



Rev. John Newton, 1779

(WILMOT 8s. & 7s.)

Carl M. von Weber

1. God is Love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
 2. Chance and change are bus-y ev - er; Man de-cays, and a - ges move;
 3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth Will His changless goodness prove;
 4. He with earthly cares en-twin-eth Hope and comfort from a - bove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens: God is Wis-dom, God is Love.
 But His mer-cy wan-eth nev-er: God is Wis-dom, God is Love.
 From the mist His brightness streameth: God is Wis-dom, God is Love.
 Ev - ery-where His glo-ry shin-eth: God is Wis-dom, God is Love.

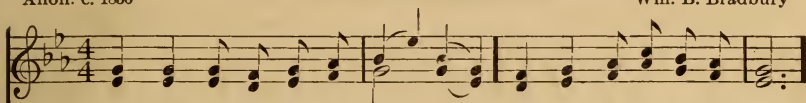
Horatius Bonar, 1844

(STOCKWELL 8s. & 7s.)

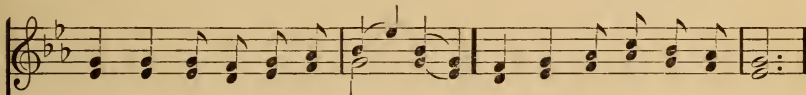
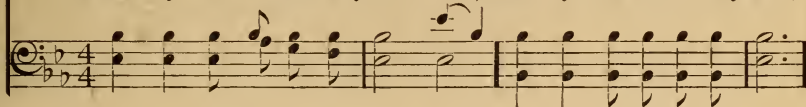
Darius E. Jones, 1851

1. Yes, for me, for me He car-eth With a broth-er's ten-der care;
 2. Yes, for me He standeth plead-ing At the mer-cy-seat a - bove;
 3. Yes, in me a - broad He sheddeth Joys un-earth-ly, love and light;
 4. Yes, in me, in me He dwell-eth I in Him, and He in me;
 5. Thus I wait for His re-turn-ing, Sing-ing all the way to heaven;

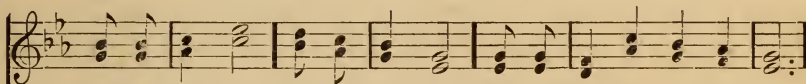
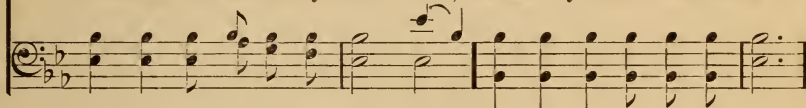
Yes, with me, with me He shar-eth Ev - ery bur-den, ev - ery fear.
 Ev - er for me in - ter-ced - ing, Constant in un - tir-ing love.
 And to cov - er me He spreadeth His pa - ter-nal wing of might.
 And my emp - ty soul He fill - eth Here and through e - ter - ni - ty.
 Such the joy - ful song of morn-ing, Such the tranquil song of even.



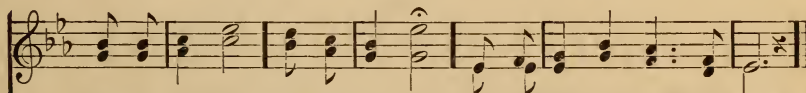
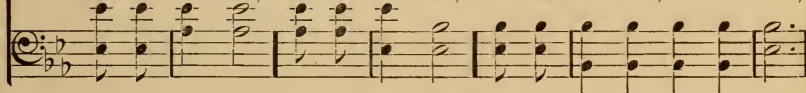
1. Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tender care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sinful though we be;
4. Ear-ly let us seek Thy fa-vor; Ear-ly let us do Thy will;



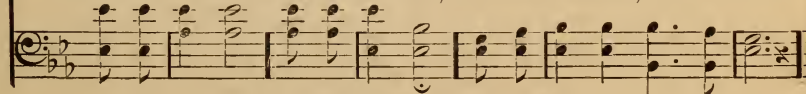
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare:
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray:
 Thou hast mercy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
 Blessed Lord and on-ly Sav-iour, With Thy love our bosoms fill:



Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear the children, when they pray;
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Ear-ly let us turn to Thee;
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;

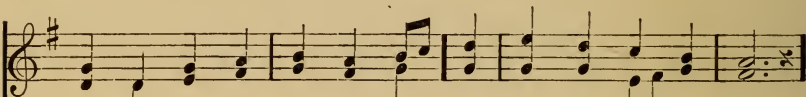
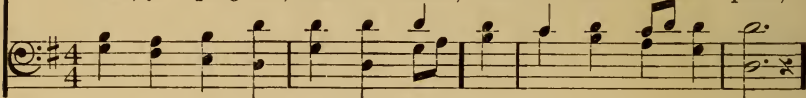


Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear the children, when they pray.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Ear-ly let us turn to Thee.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

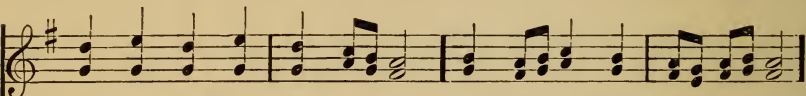




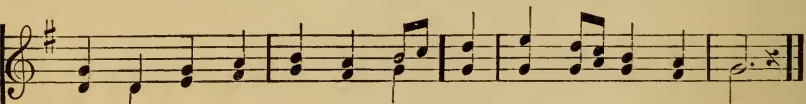
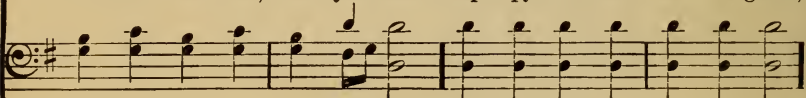
1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;
2. Riv-ers to the o-cean run, Nor stay in all their course;
3. Fly me rich-es, fly me cares, Whilst I that coast ex-plore;
4. Cease, ye pil-grims, cease to mourn, Press on-ward to the prize;



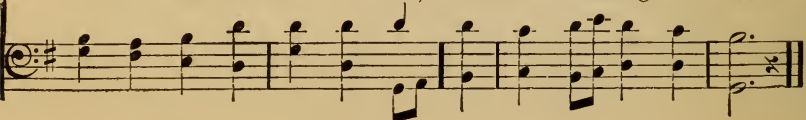
Rise from tran-si-to-ry things Towards heaven, thy native place.
 Fire as-cend-ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source:
 Flattering world, with all thy snares, So-lic-it me no more.
 Soon our Sav-iour will re-turn Tri-umph-ant in the skies:

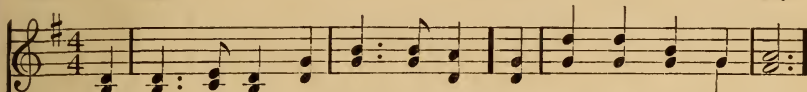


Sun and moon and stars de-cay, Time shall soon this earth re-move;
 So my soul, de-rived from God, Pants to view His glo-rious face;
 Pil-grims fix not here their home; Stran-gers tar-ry but a night;
 Yet a sea-son, and you know Hap-py en-trance will be given,

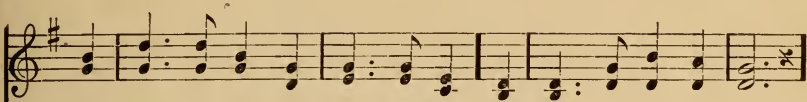
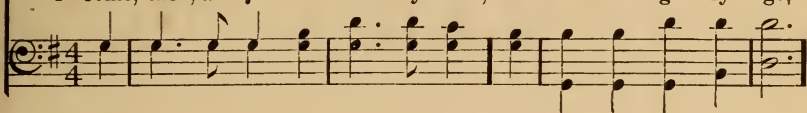


Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats prepared a-bove.
 For-ward tends to His a-bode, To rest in His em-brace.
 When the last dear morn is come, They'll rise to joy-ful light.
 All our sor-row left be-low, And earth exchanged for heaven.

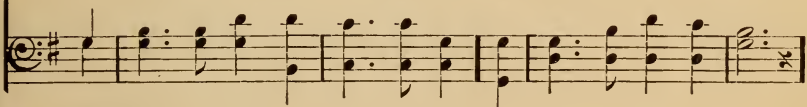




1. Come, ev - ery soul by sin oppressed: There's mercy with the Lord;
2. For Je - sus shed His prec - ious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,



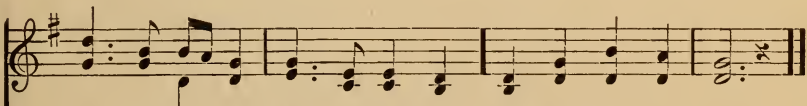
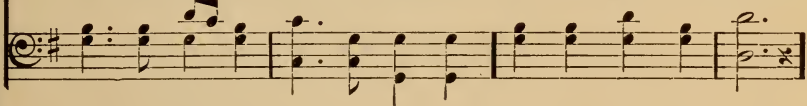
And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land Where joys im - mor - tal flow.



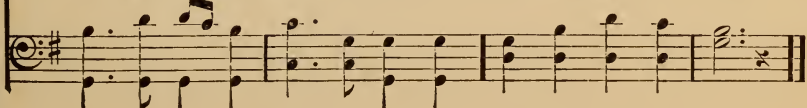
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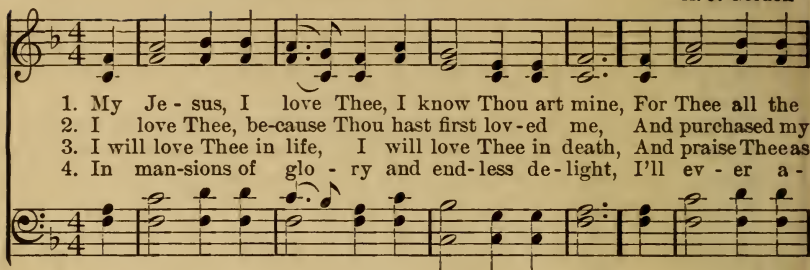


On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

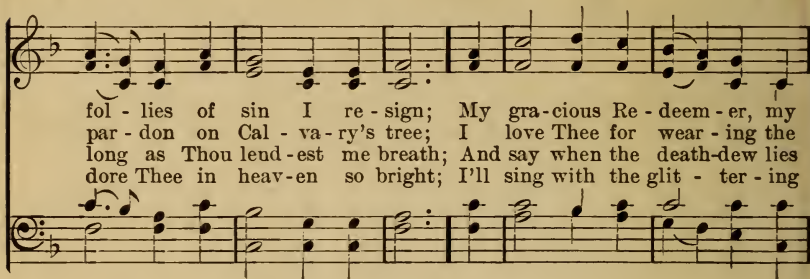


He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.





1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou leud-est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
 dore Thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



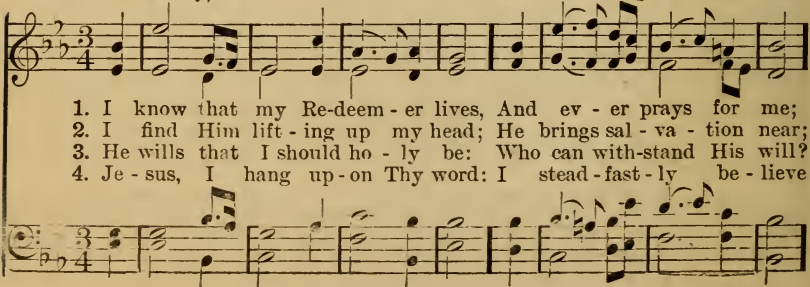
Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

From "Coronation Hymnal." Used by permission.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742

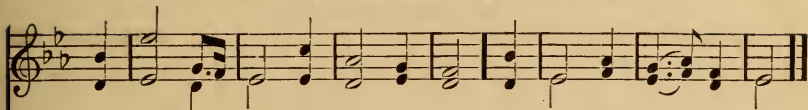
(BRADFORD C. M.)

Arr. from George F. Handel 1741

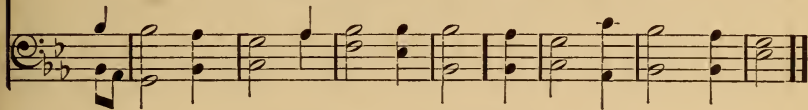


1. I know that my Re-deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
 2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near;
 3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: Who can with-stand His will?
 4. Je - sus, I hang up-on Thy word: I stead-fast-ly be - lieve

I Know That My Redeemer Lives, Continued



A tok - en of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His presence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
The coun - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fil.
Thou wilt re - turn and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re - ceive.

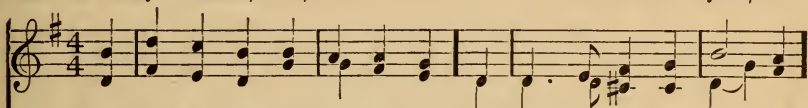


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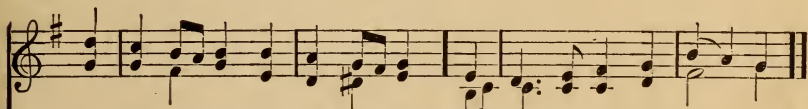
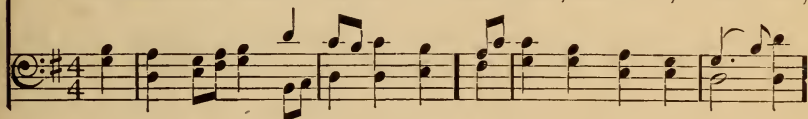
The King of Love.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1868

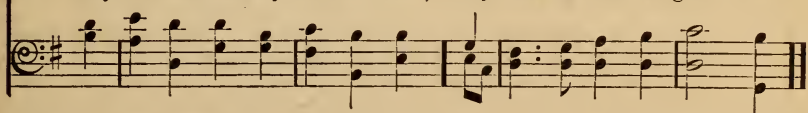
Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868



1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of living wa - ter flow My ran - somed soul He lead - eth,
3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;



I noth - ing lack if I am His And He is mine for ev - er.
And, where the verdant pastures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
And on His shoulder gent - ly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.



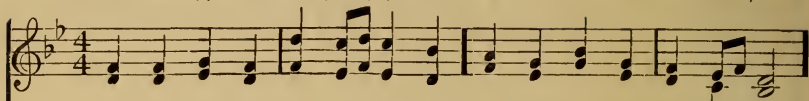
5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

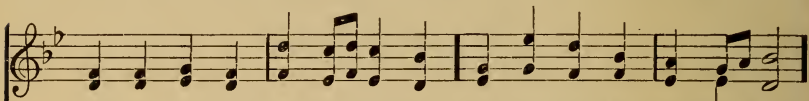
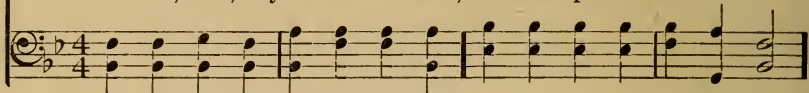
(BEECHER 8s. & 7s. D.)

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1747: verse 2, ll. 4, 5, alt.

John Zundel, 1870



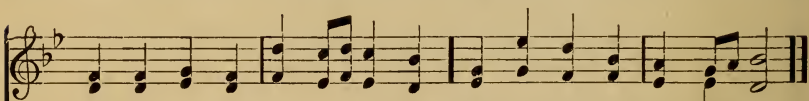
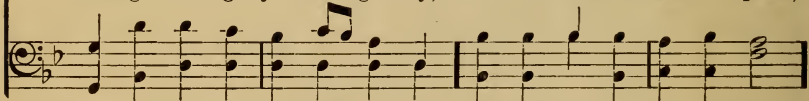
1. Love Di-vine, all loves ex-cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit In - to ev-ery troubled breast;
3. Come, Al-mighty to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin-ish, then, Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spotless let us be:



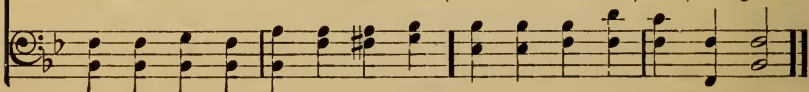
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown:
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find the promised rest:
 Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ples leave.
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee;



Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
 Take a-way the love of sin-n-ing; Al-pa and O-me-ga be;
 Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,
 Changed from glory in-to glo-ry, Till in heaven we take our place,



Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trembling heart.
 End of faith, as its Be-gin-ing, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.



For A Heart

(EVAN C. M.)

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742 (Text of 1782)

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
 2. A heart re-signed, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne;
 3. A hum-ble, low - ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev - ing, true, and clean,
 4. A heart in every thought renewed, And full of love Di - vine;

A heart that always feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me!
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns a - lone.
 Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within.
 Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good, A co - py, Lord, of Thine.

In the Cross of Christ I Glory

(RATHBUN 8s. & 7s.)

Sir John Bowring, 1825

Ithamar Conkey, 1851

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an- noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lus-tre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

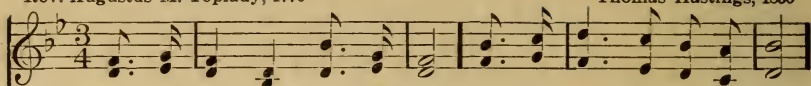
5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

Rock of Ages

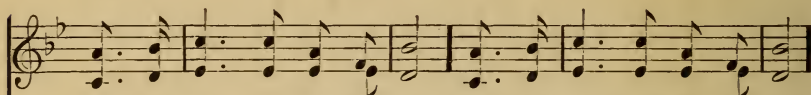
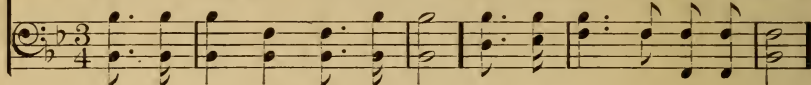
(TOPLADY 7s. 61.)

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

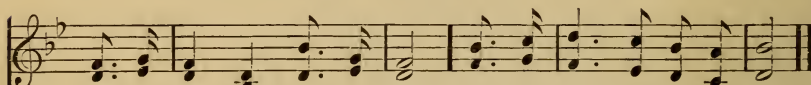
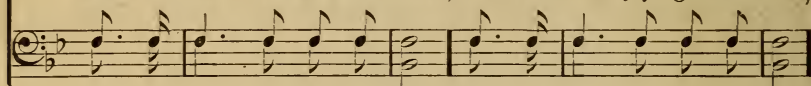
Thomas Hastings, 1830



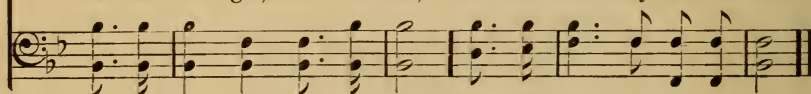
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Simp - ly to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow,
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress, Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,



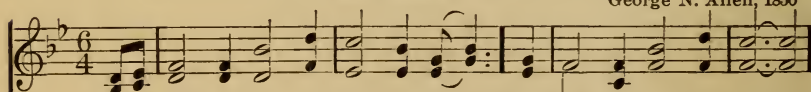
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the fount - ain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



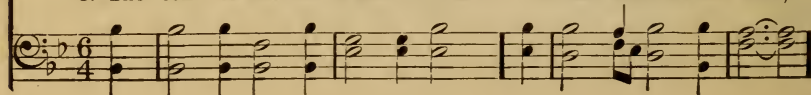
Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone

(MAITLAND C. M.)

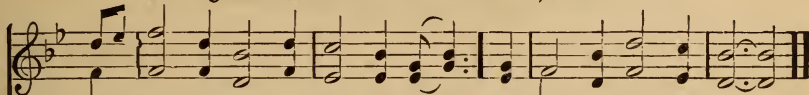
George N. Allen, 1850



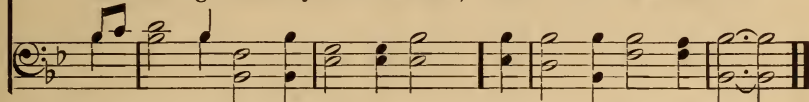
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here;
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;



Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone, Continued



No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.



4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear Name repeat.

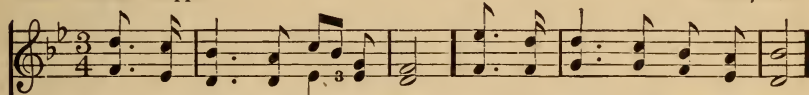
5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars flash down,
And bear my soul away.

50

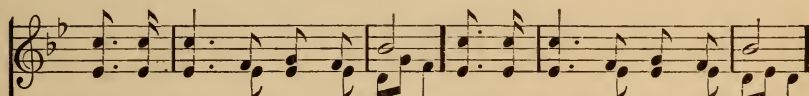
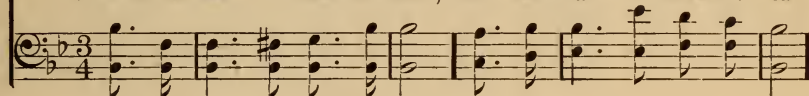
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me

Rev. Edward Hopper

J. E. Gould, 1871



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar



Un-known waves before me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou sayest to them, "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

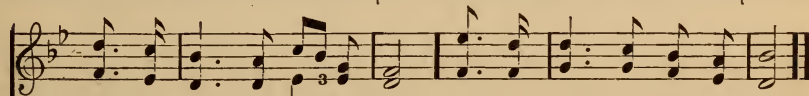
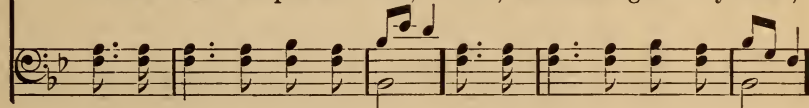
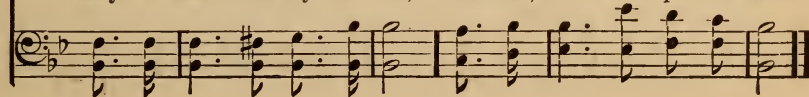


Chart and com-pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

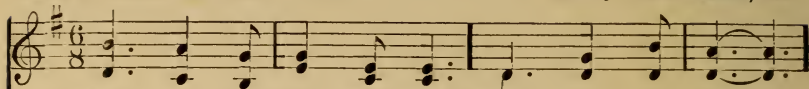


Hearer, My God, to Thee

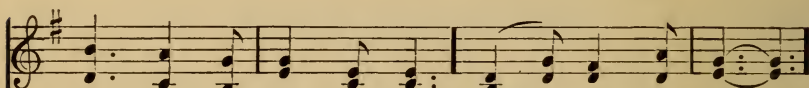
(BETHANY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.)

Sarah F. Adams, 1841: verse 1, l. 5, alt.

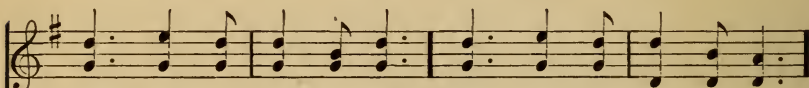
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1859



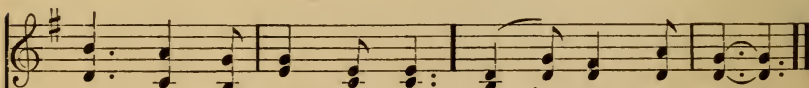
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heaven:
 4. Then, with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise,
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky,



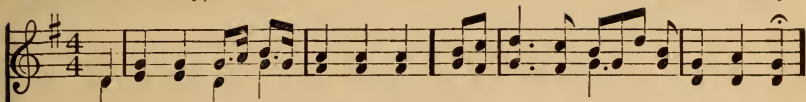
E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me;
 Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
 All that Thou send'st to me In mer - cy given:
 Out of my sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise;
 Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - wards I fly,



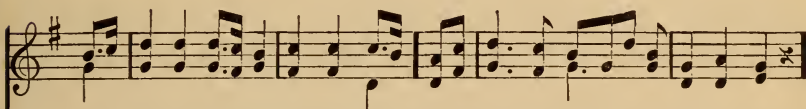
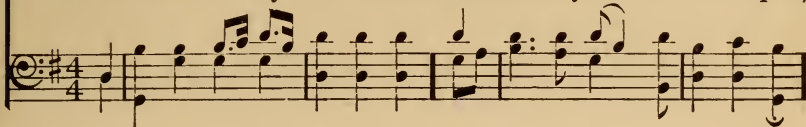
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,



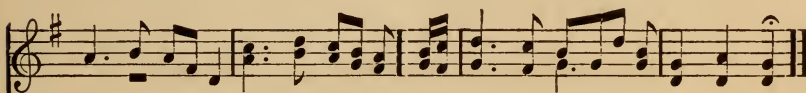
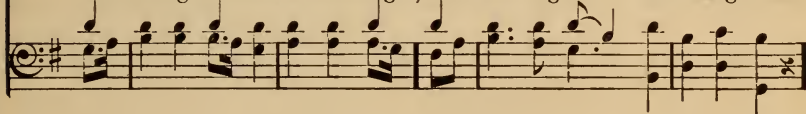
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!



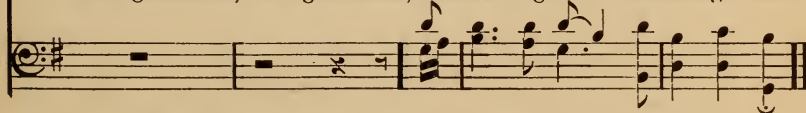
1. Awake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all,
3. Through mighty hosts of cruel foes, Where earth and hell my way oppose,
4. Oft-en I feel my sin-ful heart Prone from my Je - sus to de-part;



He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so free.
 And saved me from my lost estate, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so great.
 He safe-ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so strong.
 And though I oft have Him forgot, His lov - ing-kind - ness changes not.



Loving-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so free.
 Loving-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so great.
 Loving-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so strong.
 Loving-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kind - ness changes not.



5 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
 And life and mortal powers shall fail,
 O may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death.

6 Then shall I mount, and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day;
 There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

As With Gladness Men of Old

William C. Dix, 1861

(DIX 7s. 61.)

Arr. from Conrad Kocher, 1838

1. { As with gladness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold; }
 { As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beaming bright; }
 2. { As with joy-ful steps they sped To that low-ly man-ger bed, }
 { There to bend the knee be-fore Him whom heaven and earth adore; }
 3. { As they of-fered gifts most rare At that man-ger rude and bare; }
 { So may we with ho-ly joy, Pure, and free from sin's al-loy, }

So, most gracious God, may we Ev - er-more be led to Thee.
 So may we with will-ing feet Ev - er seek Thy mer-cy-seat.
 All our cost-liest treas-ures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way;
 And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
 Need they no created light;
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun which goes not down;
 There for ever may we sing
 Alleluias to our King.

God Moves in a Mysterious Way

William Cowper, 1774

(HERMON C. M.)

Lowell Mason, 1832

1. God moves in a mys-te-rious way His wonders to per-form;
 2. Deep in un-fath-om-a-ble mines Of nev-er-fail-ing skill
 3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread
 4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace;

God Moves in a Mysterious Way, Continued

He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
 He treas-ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sovereign will.
 Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless-ings on your head.
 Be - hind a frown-ing prov - i-dence He hides a smil - ing face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain;
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

55

Arise, My Soul, Arise

(LENOX 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.)

Rev. Charles Wesley

Lewis Edson, 1782

1. A - rise, my soul, a-rise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sac-ri-fice
 2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in-ter - cede; His all redeeming love,
 3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers,
 4. My God is rec-on-ciled; His pardoning voice I hear; He owns me for His child;

In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
 His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
 They strongly plead for me; "For-give him, oh, for-give," they cry,
 I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

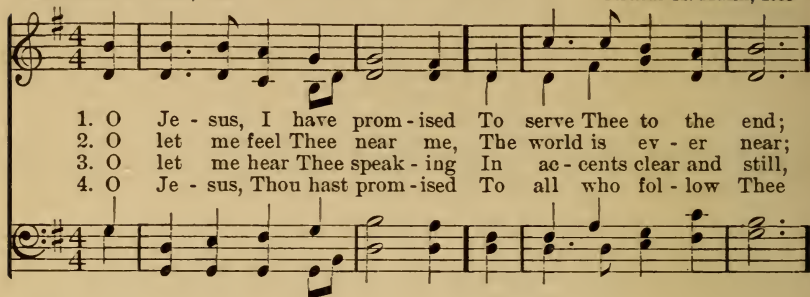
Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands.
 His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 "Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin-ner die."
 With con-fi-dence I now draw nigh, And "Father, Ab-ba Fa - ther," cry.

O Jesus, I Have Promised

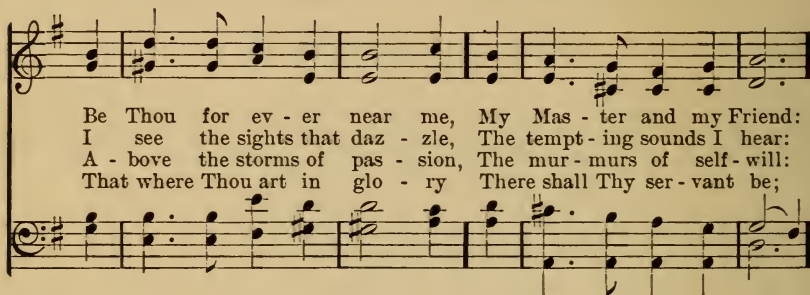
(ANGEL'S STORY 7s. & 6s. D.)

Rev. John E. Bode, 1869

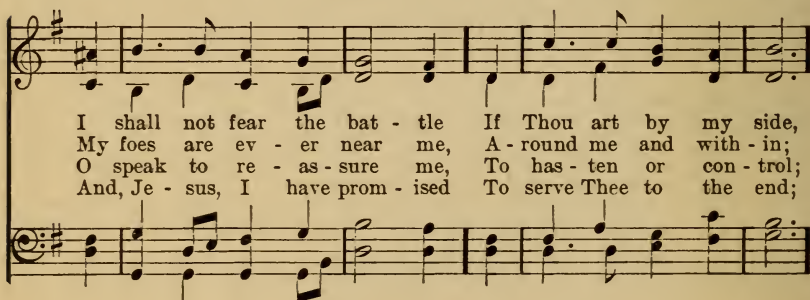
Arthur H. Mann, 1883



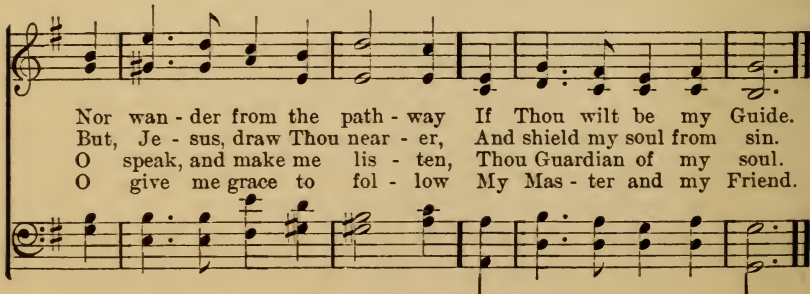
1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
 2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near;
 3. O let me hear Thee speak - ing In ac - cents clear and still,
 4. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee



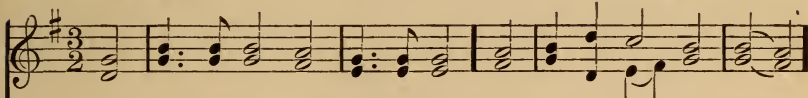
Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend:
 I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear:
 A - bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur - murs of self - will:
 That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy ser - vant be;



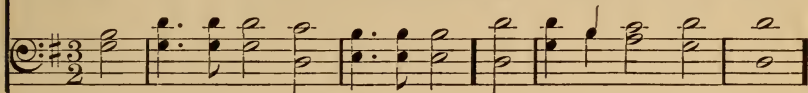
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
 My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
 O speak to re - as - sure me, To has - ten or con - trol;
 And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;



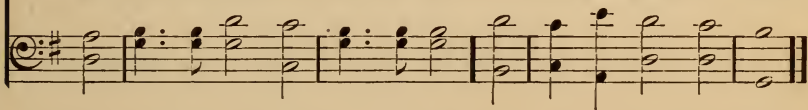
Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.
 But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
 O speak, and make me lis - ten, Thou Guardian of my soul.
 O give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend.



1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My Shield and Hid - ing - place,
4. Je - sus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King,



It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis Man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry Rest.
 My nev - er-fail - ing Treas - ury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.



5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy Name
 Refresh my soul in death.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His Name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

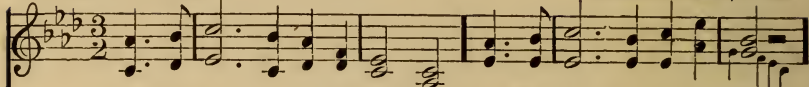
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

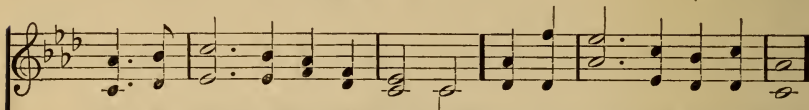
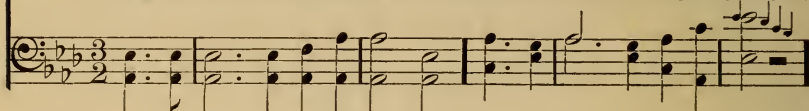
(AUTUMN 8s. & 7s. D.)

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1824 (Text of 1833)

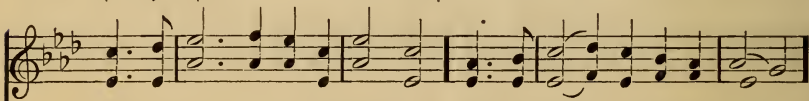
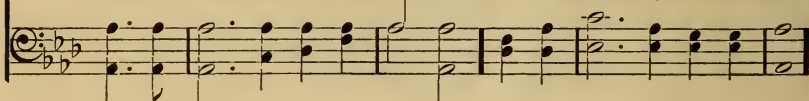
Louis von Esch, c. 1810



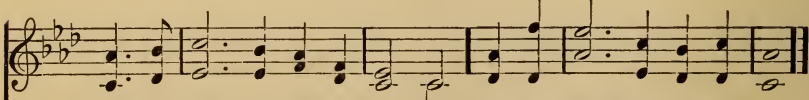
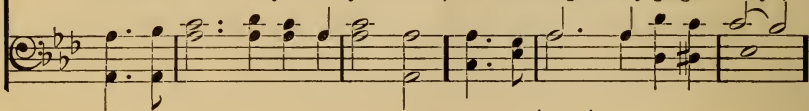
1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow Thee;
2. Man may trouble and distress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
3. Take, my soul, thy full salvation, Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
4. Haste, then, on from grace to glo-ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;



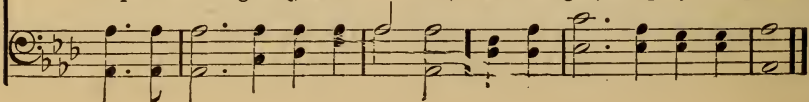
Des - ti - tute, despised, for-sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
 Life with tri-als hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
 Joy to find in ev-ery station Some - thing still to do or bear;
 Heaven's e-ter-nal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



Per - ish ev - ery fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me While Thy love is left to me;
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee, What a Fa-ther's smile is thine,
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission; Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;



Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heaven are still my own.
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
 What a Sav - iour died to win thee: Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?
 Hope soon change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



We Praise Thee, O God

Dr. W. P. Mackay

John J. Husband

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,— For Je - sus who
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For the Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our

REFRAIN.

died, And is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - iour And scattered our night.
 sins, And has cleansed every stain. } Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -

lu - jah! A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

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The Heavenly Land

Rev. Lewis Hartsough

Wm. B. Bradbury

REFRAIN.

1. { I love to think of the heavenly land Where white-robed angels are; } There'll be no
 { Where many a Friend is gathered safe From fear and toil and care. }

part-ing, There'll be no parting, There'll be no parting, There'll be no parting there.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 Where my Redeemer reigns,
 Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
 In endless, joyous strains.—REF.

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 The saints' eternal home,
 Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er
 And all our joys are one.—REF. [fade.]

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 The greetings there we'll meet,
 The harps—the songs forever ours—
 The walks—the golden streets.—REF.

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 That promised land so fair,
 Oh, how my raptured spirit longs,
 To be forever there.—REF.

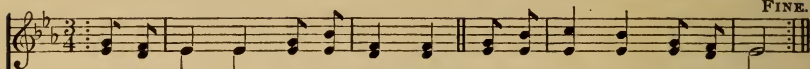
Come, Thou Fount

(NETTLETON 8s. & 7s. D.)

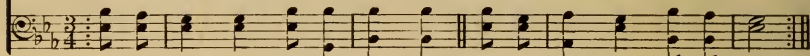
Rev. Robert Robinson, 1758

Rev. Asahel Nettleton, 1825

FINE.



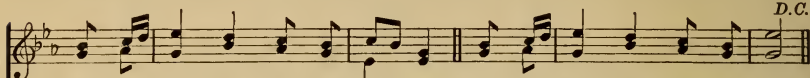
1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }
2. { Here I raise my E - be - ne - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come; }
 { And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. }
3. { O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be! }
 { Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee. }



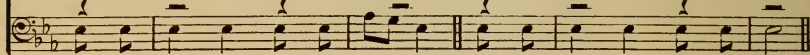
D.C.—Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love!

D.C.—He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed with precious blood.

D.C.—Here's my heart; O take and seal it, Seal it from Thy courts a - bove.



Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wandering from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;

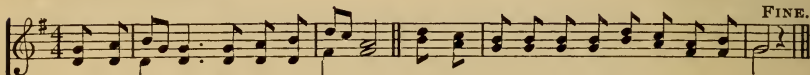


I'm a Pilgrim

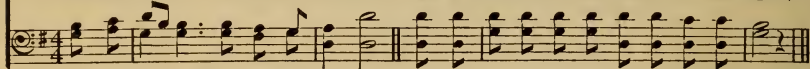
Mrs. M. S. B. Dana, 1840

German Melody

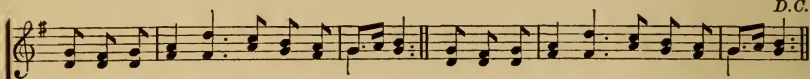
FINE.



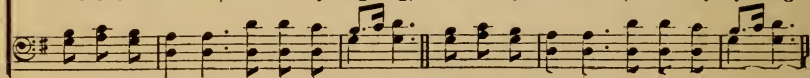
1. I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night;
 2. There the glo-ry is ev - er shining; O my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
 3. There's the cit-y to which I journey; My Redeemer, my Redeemer, is its light;

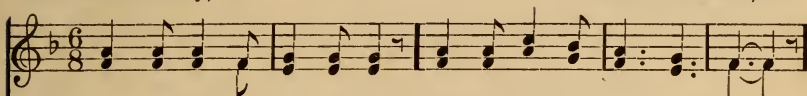


D.C.—I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

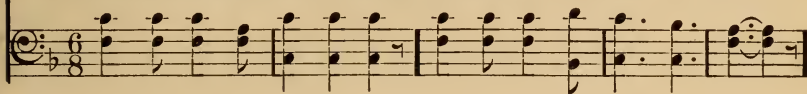


Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the fountains are ev - er flow - ing.
 Here in this country so dark and dreary I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
 There is no sorrow, nor a - ny sighing, Nor a - ny tears there, nor a - ny dy - ing.

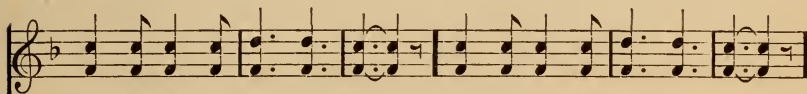
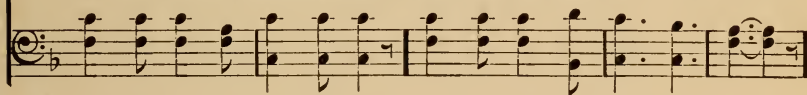




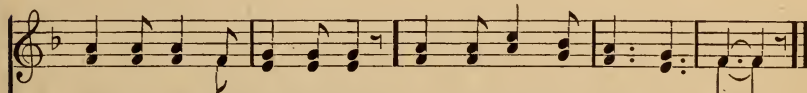
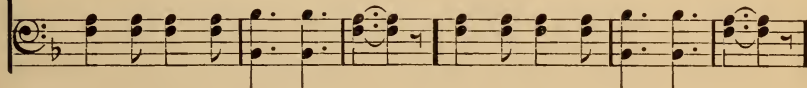
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to co - ver all my sin;



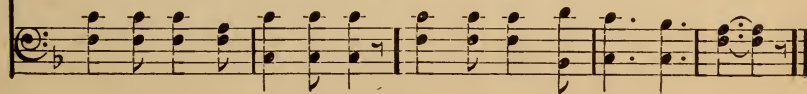
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still support and com - fort me.
 Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy Name; I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the Fountian art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Co - ver my de - fence - less head With the shadow of Thy wing.
 False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



Joseph Scriven, c. 1820-1886

C. C. Converse, 1863

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le a - ny - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

FINE.
 What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery - thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our Ref - uge, - Take it to the Lord in prayer.

D.S.—All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery - thing to God in prayer!
D.S.—Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

D.S.
 O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends de - spite, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

(HAMBURG L. M.)

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

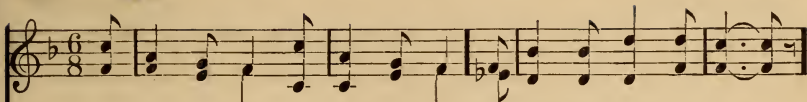
Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824

1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

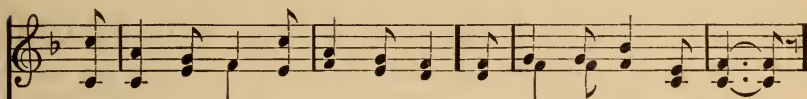
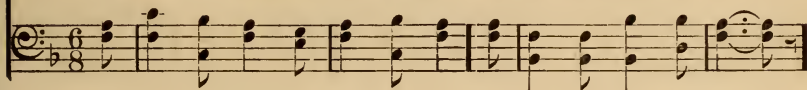
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 Love so a - maz - ing, so Di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Sir H. W. Baker

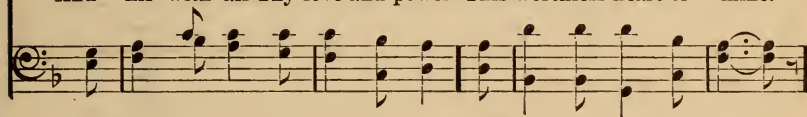
C. C. Converse



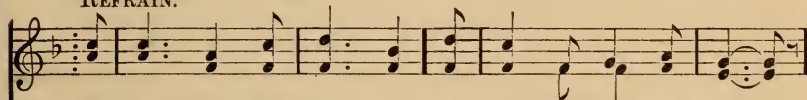
1. I am not worth-y, Ho - ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me,
2. I am not worth-y; cold and bare The lodg - ing of my soul;
3. I am not worth-y; yet, my God, How can I say Thee nay;
4. O come! in this sweet, sa - cred hour Feed me with food di - vine;



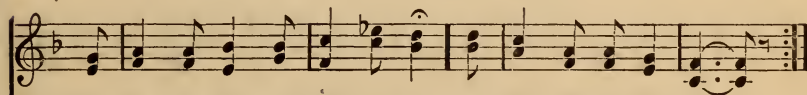
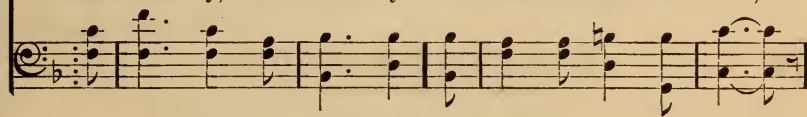
Speak but the word; one grac - ious word Can set the sin - ner free.
 How canst Thou deign to en - ter there? Lord, speak, and make me whole.
 Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and blood My ran - som - price to pay?
 And fill with all Thy love and power This worthless heart of mine.



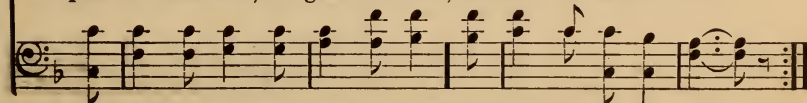
REFRAIN.



Not worth - y, not worth - y That Thou shouldst come to me;



Speak but the word; one gra - cious word, And set the sin - ner free.

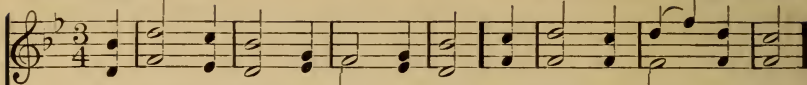


The Lord's My Shepherd

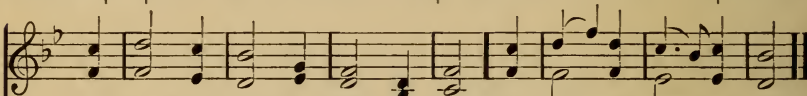
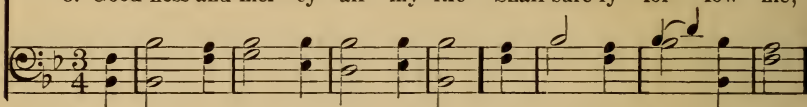
Scottish Psalter, 1650

(BALERMA C. M.)

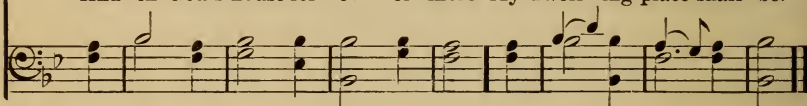
Arr. by Robert Simpson, 1833



1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear none ill;
4. My ta - ble Thou hast fur - nish - ed In pres - ence of my foes;
5. Good-ness and mer - cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol - low me;



In pas-tures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
 With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, Ev'n for His own Name's sake.
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.
 My head Thou dost with oil a-noint, And my cup o-ver-flows.
 And in God's house for ev-er-more My dwell-ing-place shall be.



69 (Tune, Balerma C. M.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed,
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led,</p> <p>2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before Thy throne of grace;
 God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race.</p> | <p>3 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.</p> <p>4 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
 Our humble prayers implore;
 And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
 And portion evermore.</p> |
|---|--|

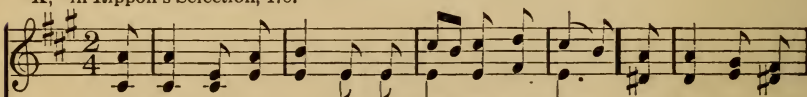
Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1737

70

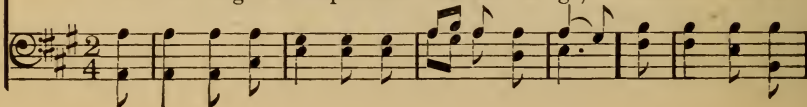
How Firm A Foundation

(PORTUGUESE HYMN 11s.)

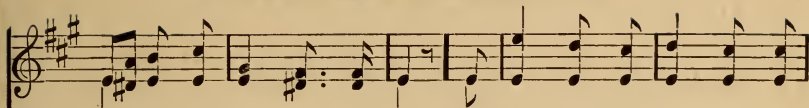
"K," in Rippon's Selection, 1787



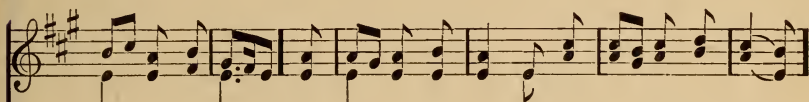
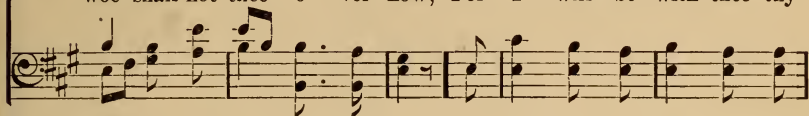
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed; I, I am thy
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of



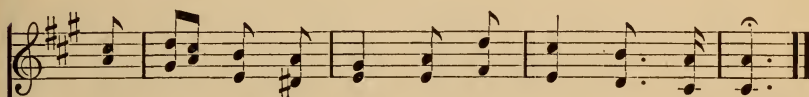
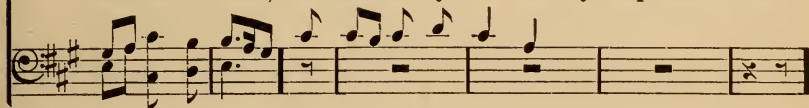
How Firm a Foundation, Continued



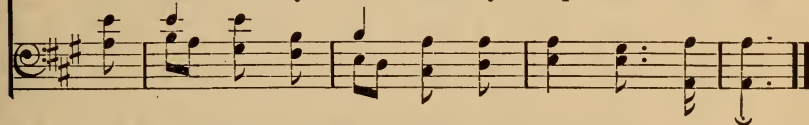
faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy



you He hath said,—You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
cause thee to stand, Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
troub - les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.



You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.



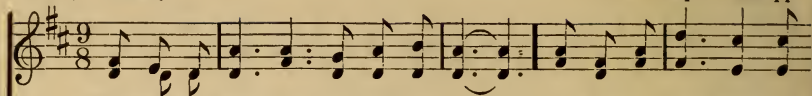
4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

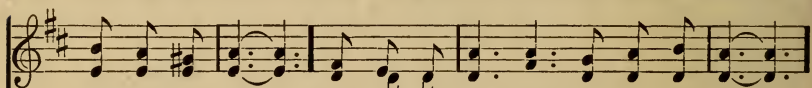
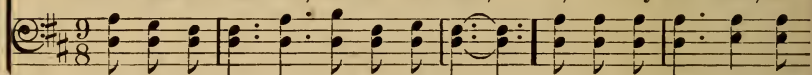
6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

Fanny J. Crosby

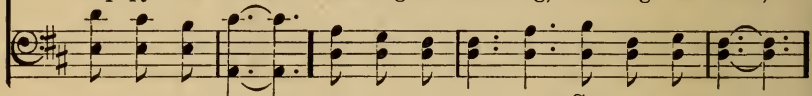
Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp



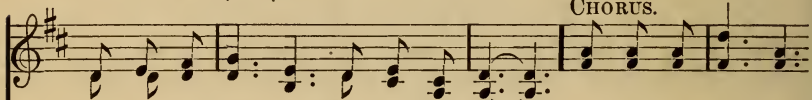
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-iour, am



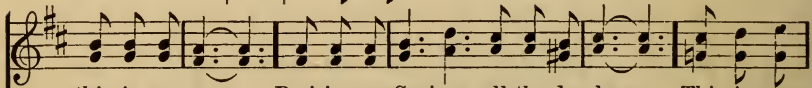
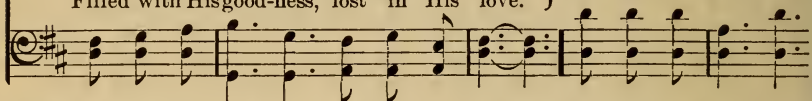
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God,
 burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove
 hap-py and blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,



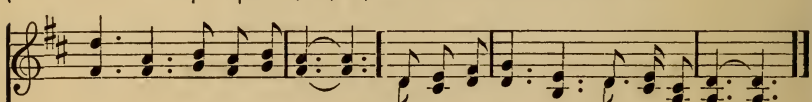
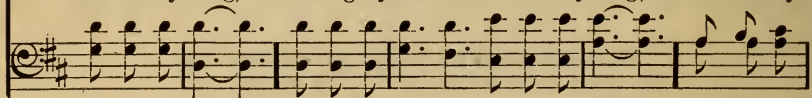
CHORUS.



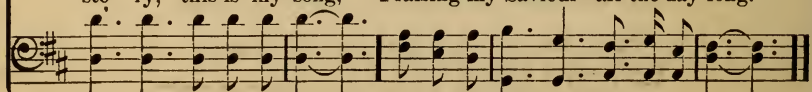
Born of His Spir-it, wash'd in His blood.
 Eeh-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love. } This is my sto-ry,
 Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.



this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my

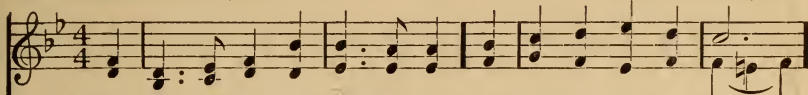


sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

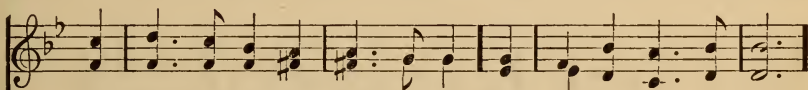
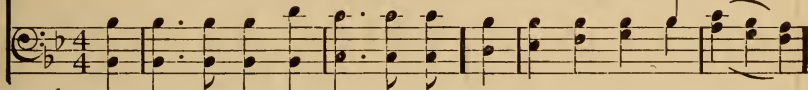


Bishop Reginald Heber, publ. 1827

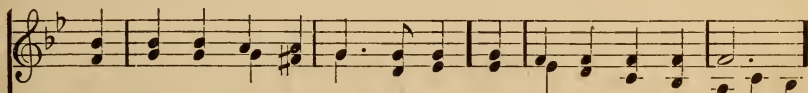
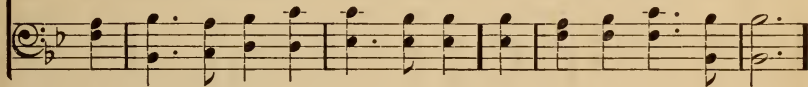
Henry S. Cutler, 1872



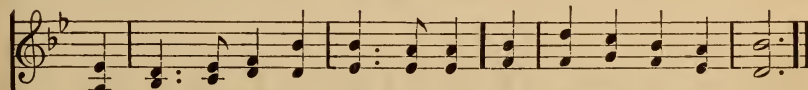
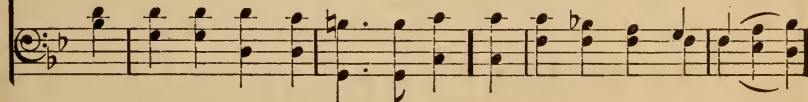
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose eag-le eye Could pierce beyond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band the chos-en few On whom the Spir-it came,
4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,



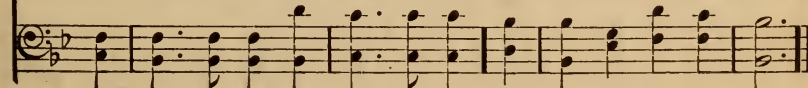
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
 A-round the Saviour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o-ver pain,
 Like Him, with par-don on his tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane;
 They climbed the steep as-cent of heaven Through peril, toil, and pain:



Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in his train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?
 They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train.

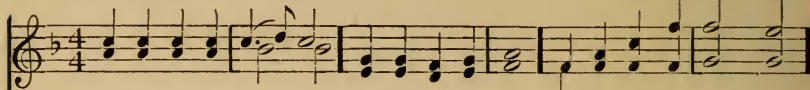


Onward, Christian Soldiers

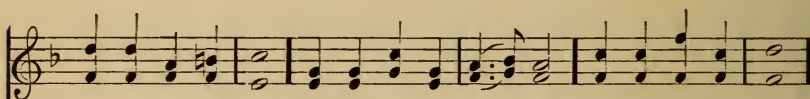
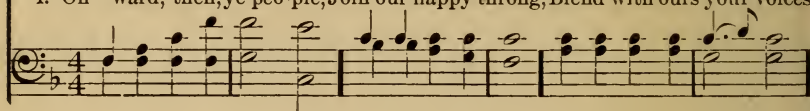
(ST. GERTRUDE 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 1.)

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

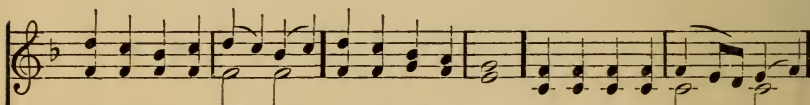
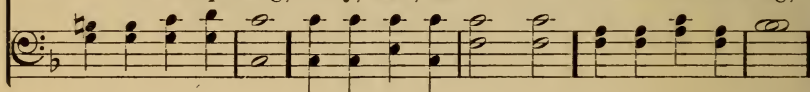
Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1871



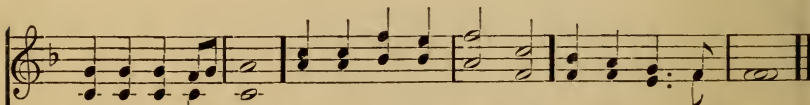
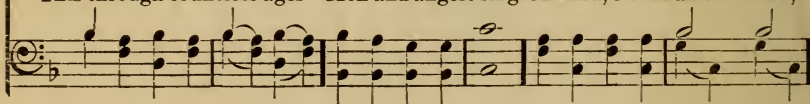
1. On - ward, Christiansoldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Crownsand thronesmay perish, Kingdomsrise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices



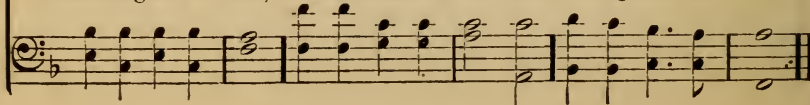
Go - ing on be - fore: Christ the Royal Mas - ter Leads against the foe;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 Con - stant will remain; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;



For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
 One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
 We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
 This through countless ages Men and angels sing. Onward, Christian sol - diers,



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



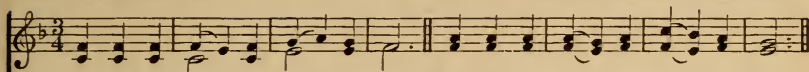
Sun of My Soul

Rev. John Keble, 1820

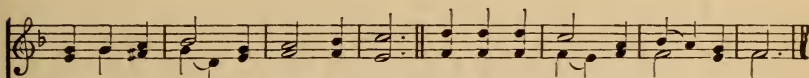
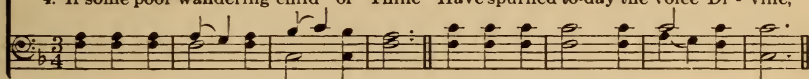
(HURSLEY L. M.)

Ascribed to Peter Ritter, 1792

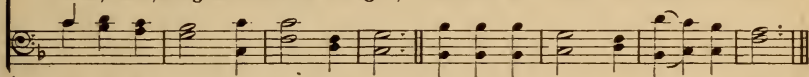
Arr. by William H. Monk, 1861



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
 4. If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice Di - vine,



- O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gracious work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.



- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

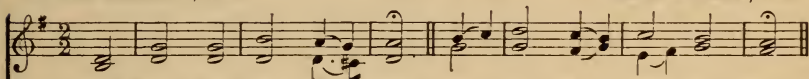
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Awake, and Sing the Song

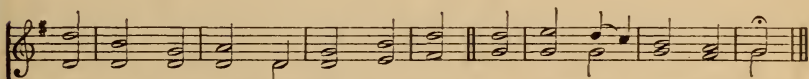
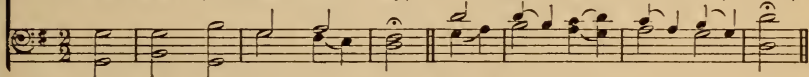
William Hammond, 1745

(ST. THOMAS S. M.)

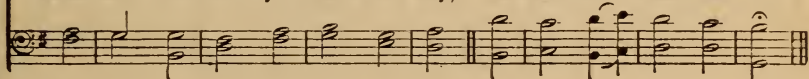
Aaron Williams, 1763

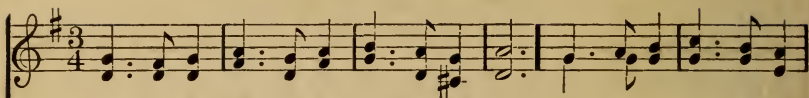


1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
 2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing power;
 3. Sing on your heav - en - ly way, Ye ran - somed sin - ners, sing;
 4. Soon shall ye hear Him say, "Ye bless - ed chil - dren, come;"

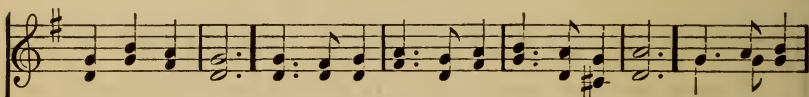
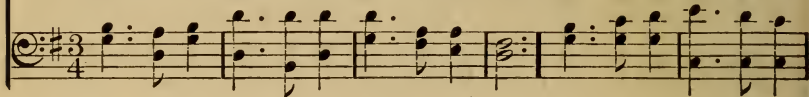


- Wake ev - ery heart and ev - ery tongue To praise the Saviour's Name.
 Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
 Sing on, re - joic - ing ev - ery day In Christ the Eter - nal King.
 Soon will He call you hence a - way, And take His wanderers home.

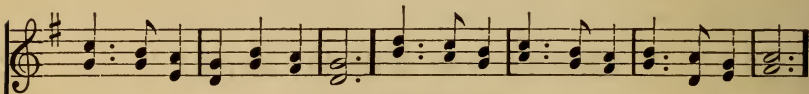
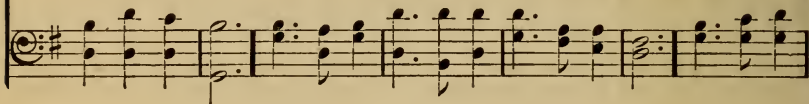




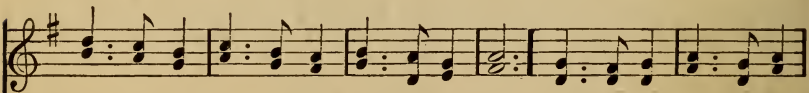
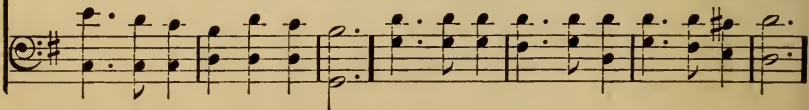
1. Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly on-ward we move, Bound to the land of bright
2. Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before, — Waiting, they watch us ap -
3. Death with his weapons may soon lay us low, Safe in our Saviour, we



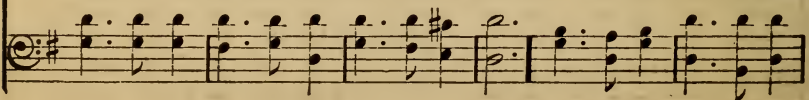
spir - its a - bove: An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as we come, "Joy - ful - ly,
proaching the shore; Singing to cheer us through death's chilling gloom, "Joy - ful - ly,
fear not the blow; Je - sus hath broken the bars of the tomb, Joy - ful - ly,



joy - ful - ly haste to your home; "Soon with our pilgrimage end - ed be - low,
joy - ful - ly haste to your home; "Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy fall on the ear,
joy - ful - ly will we go home: Bright will the morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn,



Home to the land of bright spir - its we go; Pil - grims and strangers no
Harps of the bless - ed, your voi - ces we hear, Rings with the har - mo - ny
Death will be conquered, his scep - tre be gone; O - ver the plains of blest



Joyfully, Joyfully, Onward We Move, Continued

more shall we roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.
 heaven's high dome,—"Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to your home."
 Ca - naan we'll roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly with Christ at home.

77

Come, Thou Almighty King

(TRINITY 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.)

Anon. c, 1757

Felice de Giardini, 1769

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy Name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
 4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be

Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev - er - more. His sovereign ma - jes - ty May we in

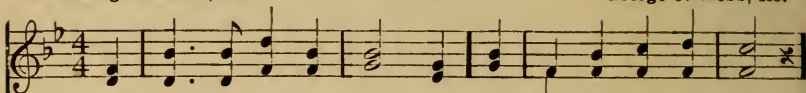
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days.
 word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
 ev - ery heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

Stand Up for Jesus

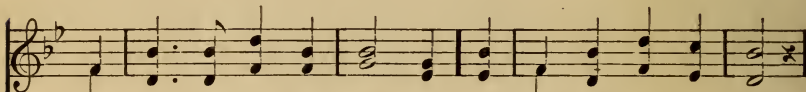
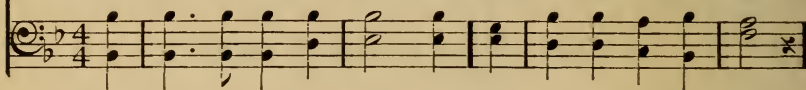
Rev. George Duffield, 1858

(WEBB 7s. & 6s. D.)

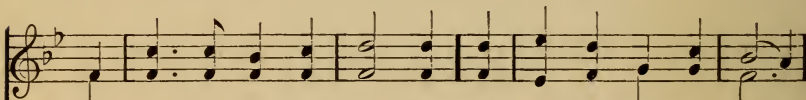
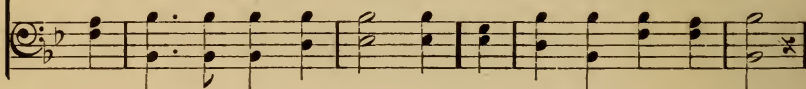
George J. Webb, 1837



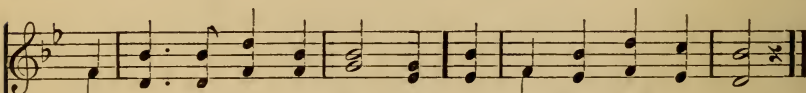
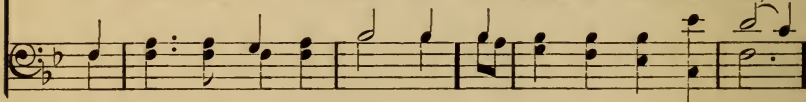
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum-pet call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;



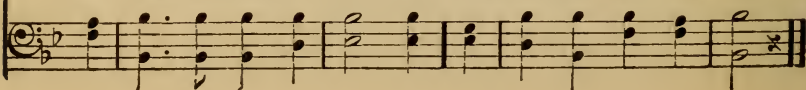
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
 Forth to the might-y con - flict In this His glo - rious day:
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:



From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my He shall lead,
 Ye that are men now serve Him A - gainst un-num-bered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
 To him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be;



Till ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
 He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

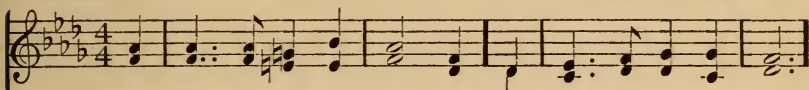


Beneath the Cross of Jesus

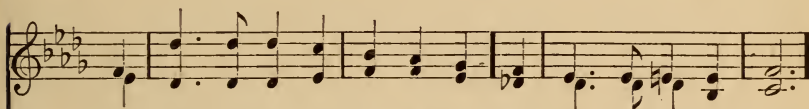
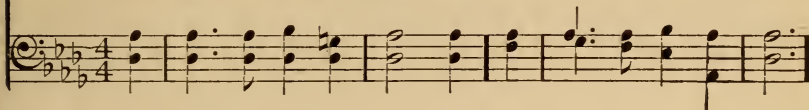
(ST. CHRISTOPHER 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.)

Elizabeth C. Clephane, publ. 1872

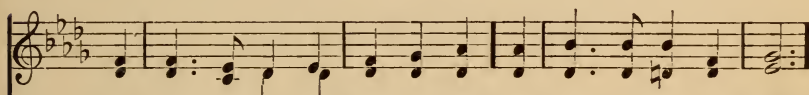
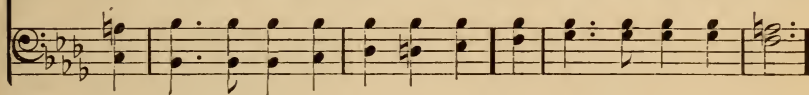
Frederick O. Maker, 1881



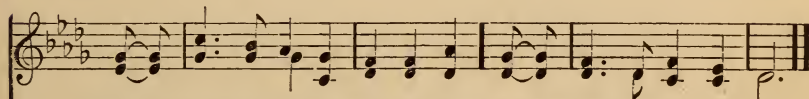
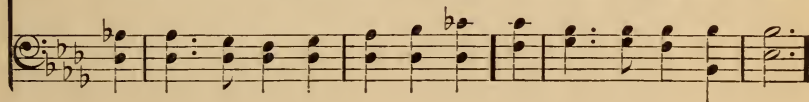
1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place:



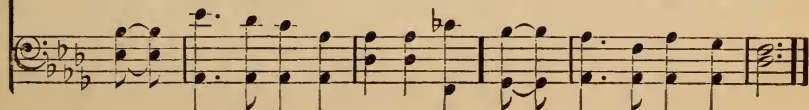
The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me:
 I ask no oth - er sunshine than The sun - shine of His face;



A home with - in the wild - er - ness, A rest up - on the way,
 And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess, -
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

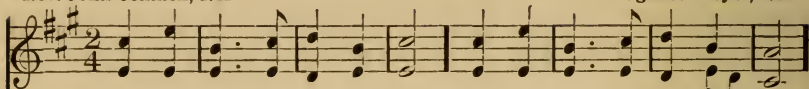


From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
 The won - ders of His glorious love And my own worthlessness.
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

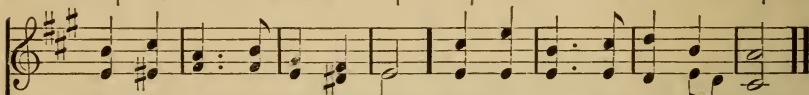
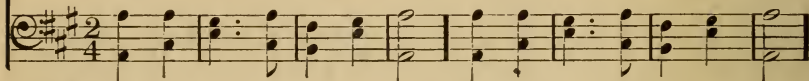


Rev. John Cennick, 1742

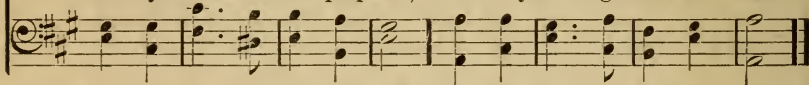
Ignace Pleyel, 1790



1. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour-ney, sweetly sing;
 2. We are trav-eling home to God In the way the fa-thers trod;
 3. Shout, ye lit-tle flock and blest; Ye on Je-sus' throne shall rest;



Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.
 They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.
 There your seat is now prepared, There's your kingdom and re-ward.



4 Fear not, brethern; joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.

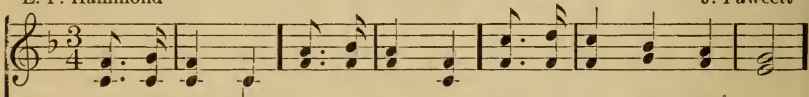
5 Lord, obediently we go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only Thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

81

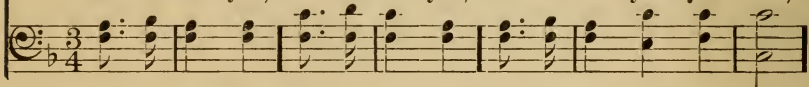
Come to Jesus Just Now

E. P. Hammond

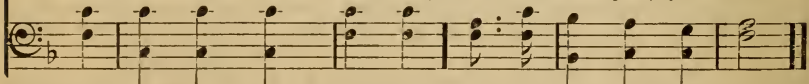
J. Fawcett



1. Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now,
 2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now,



Just now come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.
 Just now He will save you; He will save you, just now.



3 He is able, etc.

6 He will hear you, etc.

9 He'll forgive you, etc.

4 He is willing, etc.

7 He will cleanse you, etc.

10 If you'll trust Him, etc.

5 He is waiting, etc.

8 He'll renew you, etc.

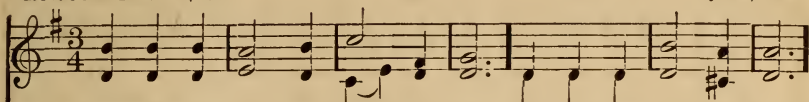
11 He will save you, etc.

How Precious Is the Book Divine

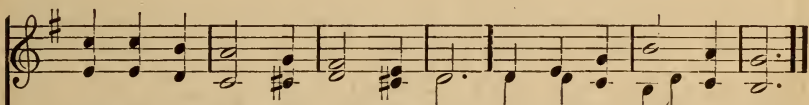
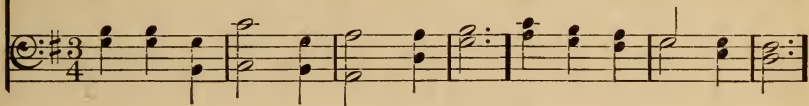
(ST. AGNES C. M.)

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782

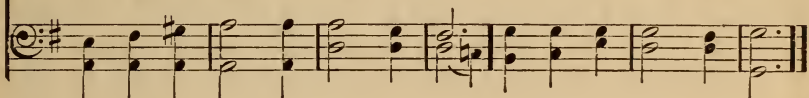
Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866



1. How precious is the book Di-vine, By in-spir-a-tion given:
 2. It sweet-ly cheers our droop-ing hearts, In this dark vale of tears;
 3. This lamp, through all the te-dious night Of life, shall guide our way,



- Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.
 Life, light, and joy it still im-parts, And quells our ris-ing fears.
 Till we be-hold the clear-er light Of an e-ter-nal day.



83 (Tune, St. Agnes.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.</p> <p>2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.</p> | <p>3 'Tis like the sun; a heavenly light
 That guides us all the day;
 And, through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.</p> <p>4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
 How pure is every page!
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

84 (Pleyel's Hymn.)

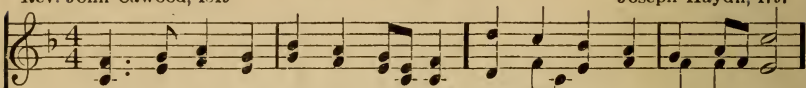
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Holy Bible, book Divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine;
 Mine to tell me whence I came,
 Mine to tell me what I am.</p> <p>2 Mine to chide me when I rove,
 Mine to show a Saviour's love;
 Mine thou art to guide and guard,
 Mine to punish or reward.</p> | <p>3 Mine to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless;
 Mine to show by living faith,
 Man can triumph over death.</p> <p>5 Mine to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom;
 O thou holy book Divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine.</p> |
|---|--|

John Burton

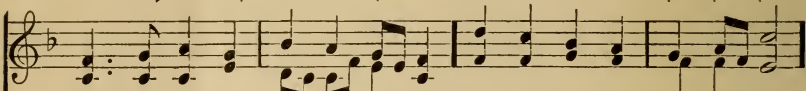
Rev. John Cawood, 1819

(AUSTRIAN HYMN 8s. & 7s. D.)

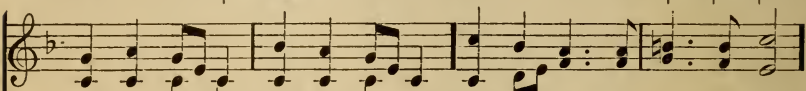
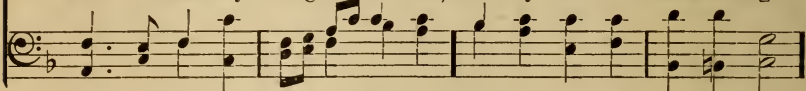
Joseph Haydn, 1797



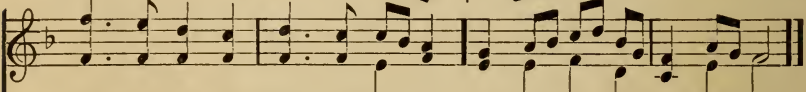
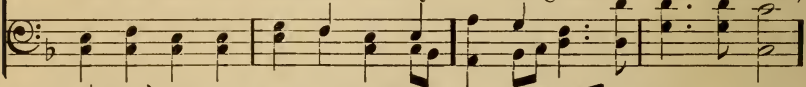
1. Hark! what mean those holy voi-ces, Sweet-ly warb-ling in the skies?
 2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reach-ing far as man is found;
 3. "Has - ten, mor-tals, to a-dore Him; Learn His Name, and taste His joy;



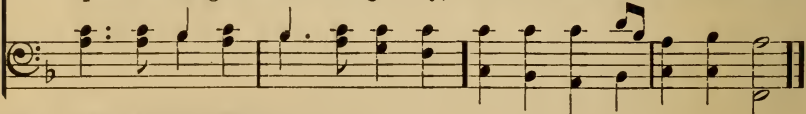
Sure the an-gel-ic host re-joic-es, Loud-est al-le-lu-ias rise.
 Souls redeemed, and sins for-giv-en; Loud our gold-en harps shall sound.
 Till in heaven you sing be-fore Him, Glo-ry be to God Most High!"



Lis-ten to the wondrous sto-ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy:
 Christ is born, the great A-noint-ed; Heaven and earth His glo-ry sing:
 Let us learn the wondrous sto-ry Of our great Re-deem-er's birth,



"Glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry; Glo-ry be to God Most High!
 Glad re-ceive whom God ap-point-ed For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
 Spread the brightness of His glo-ry, Till it cov-er all the earth.

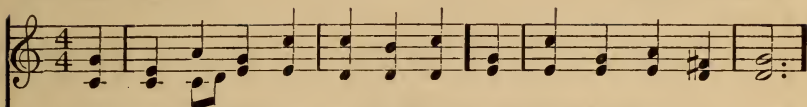


86 (Tune, Austrian Hymn.)

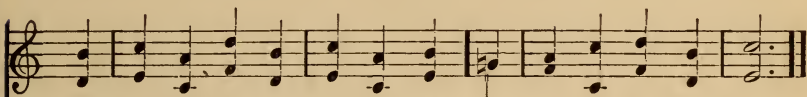
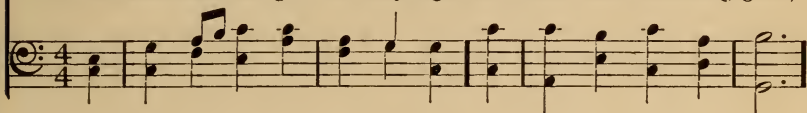
1 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set Thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us;
 Let us find our rest in Thee.
 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born Thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a King,
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
 By Thine own eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

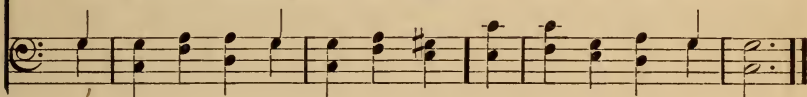
Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744



1. Our God, our Help in a - ges past, Our Hope for years to come,
 2. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
 3. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;



Our Shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal Home.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.



4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

5 Our God, our Help in ages past;
 Our Hope for years to come;
 Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal Home.

88 (Tune, Austrian Hymn.)

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He whose word cannot be broken
 Formed thee for His own abode:
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal Love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove:
 Who can faint, when such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
 Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near:
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night, and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which He gives them when they pray.

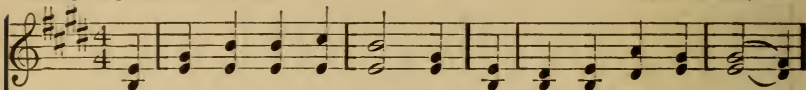
4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy Name:
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains

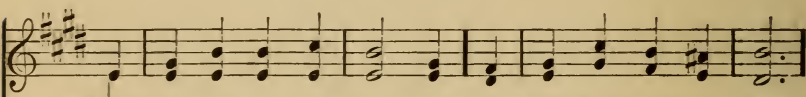
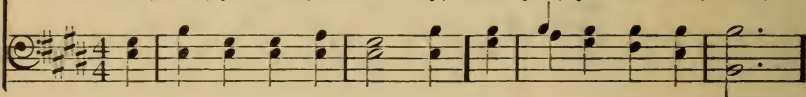
(MISSIONARY HYMN 7s. & 6s. D.)

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1819

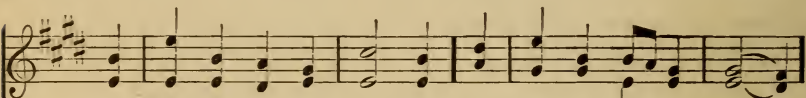
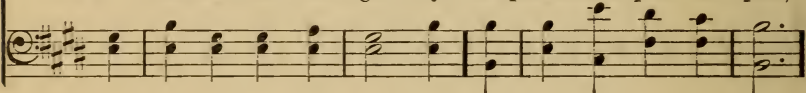
Lowell Mason, 1823



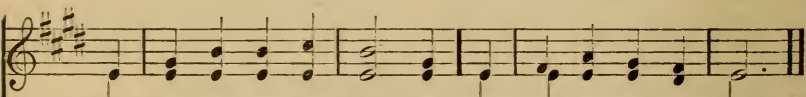
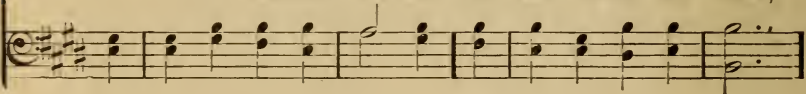
1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
 2. What though the spi - cy bree - zes Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
 3. Can we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,
 Though ev - ery pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile:
 Can we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
 Till like a sea of glo - ry It spreads from pole to pole;

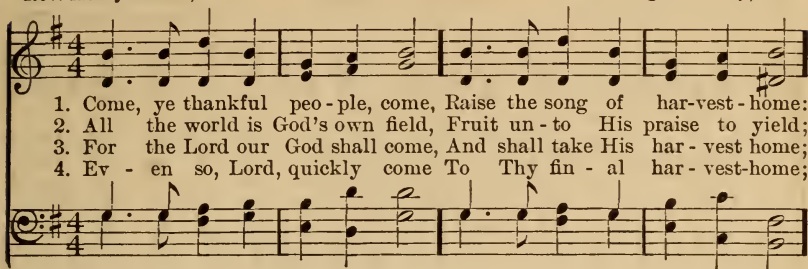


From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
 In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
 Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 Till o'er our ransomed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

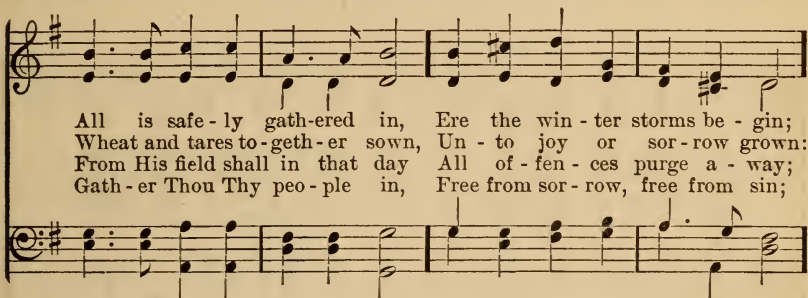


They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 The heath - en in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
 Till each re - most - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's Name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

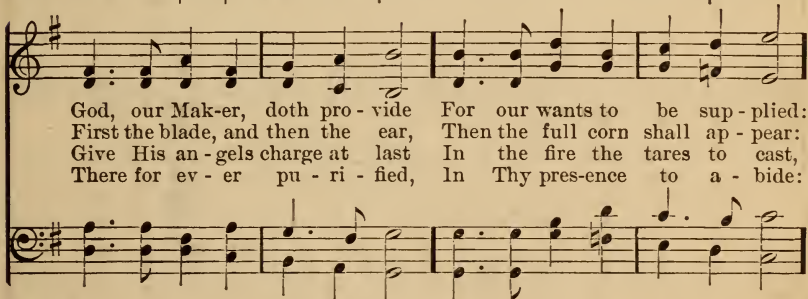




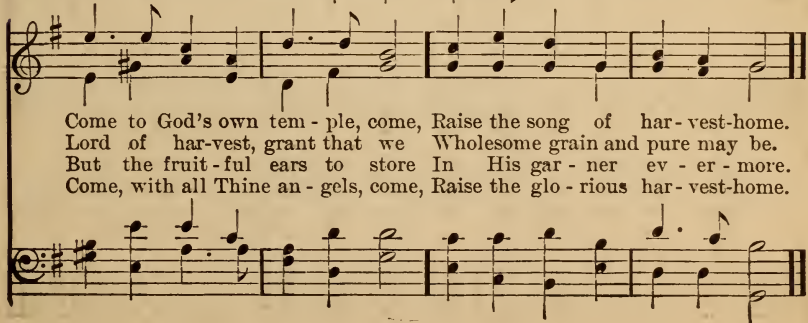
1. Come, ye thankful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home:
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;
 4. Ev-en so, Lord, quickly come To Thy fin-al har-vest-home;



All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
 Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown:
 From His field shall in that day All of-fen-ces purge a-way;
 Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;



God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear:
 Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
 There for ev-er pu-ri-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide:



Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home.
 Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.
 Come, with all Thine an-gels, come, Raise the glo-rious har-vest-home.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145

(EWING 7s. & 6s. D.)

Alexander Ewing, 1852

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,
 4. Ex - ult, O dust and ash - es, The Lord shall be thy part:

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
 His on - ly and for ev - er, Thou shalt be, and thou art.

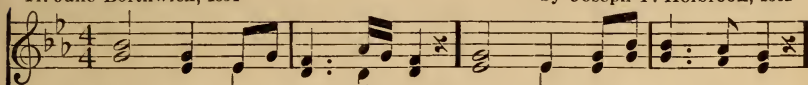
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there;
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
 And they, who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,
 Ex - ult, O dust and ash - es, The Lord shall be thy part:

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 His on - ly and for ev - er, Thou shalt be, and thou art.

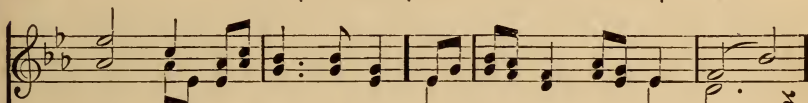
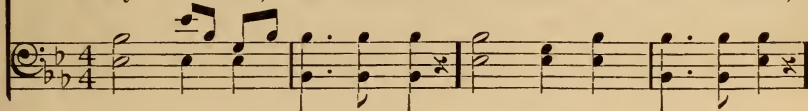
My Jesus, As Thou Wilt

Rev. Benjamin Schmolck, c. 1704 (JEWETT 6s. D.)
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854

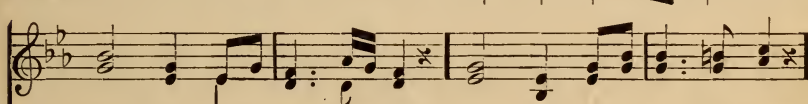
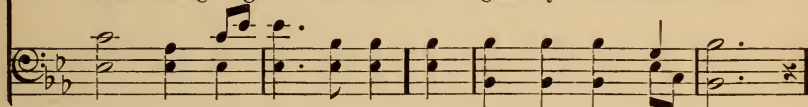
Arr. from C. M. von Weber,
by Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862



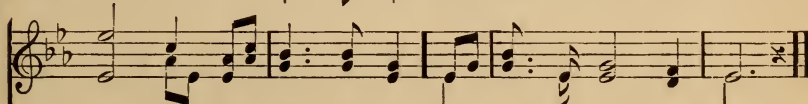
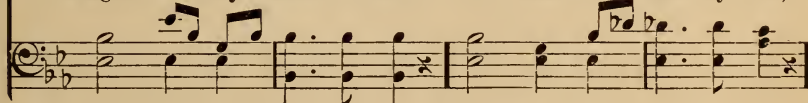
1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine;
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! If need - y here and poor,
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Though seen through many a tear,
4. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me;



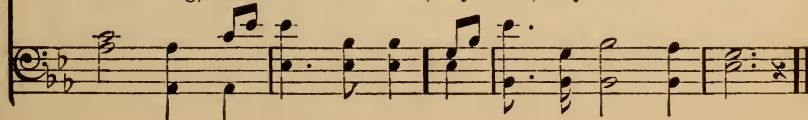
In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.
Give me Thy people's bread, Their por - tion rich and sure.
Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear,
Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee.

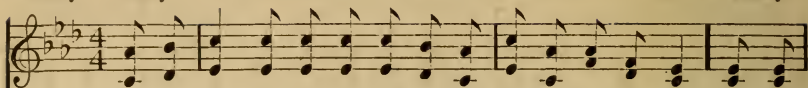


Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me as Thine own;
The man - na of Thy word Let my soul feed up - on;
Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed oft a - lone,
Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

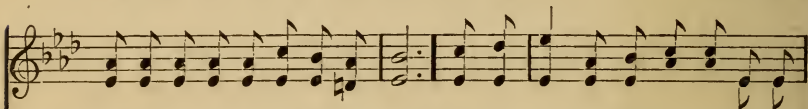
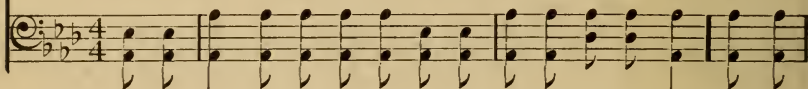


And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And if all else should fail, My Lord, Thy will be done.
If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done.

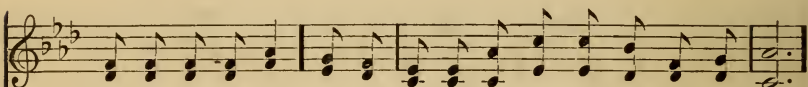
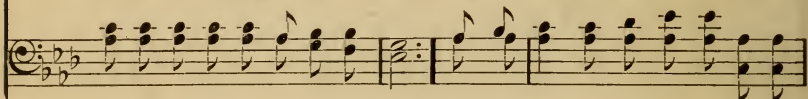




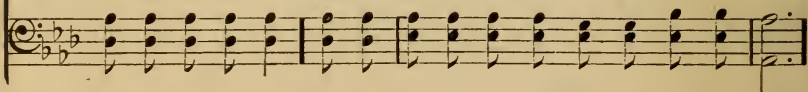
1. When my life work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapture when I view His blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Through the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white He will



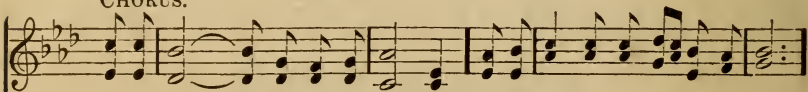
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lus - ter of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part - ing at the riv-er I re - call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
 lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
 mer - cy, love and grace That prepared for me a man-sion in the sky.
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
 min - gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.

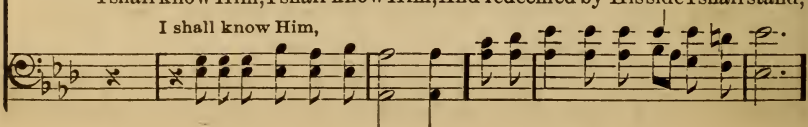


CHORUS.

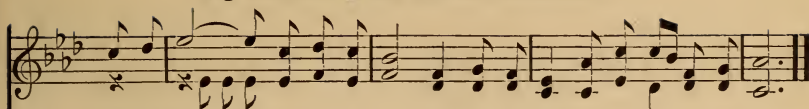


I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand,

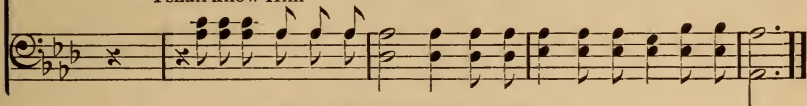
I shall know Him,



My Saviour First of All, Continued



I shall know Him, I shall know Him by the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him



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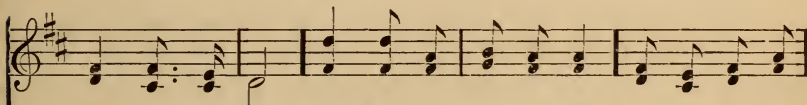
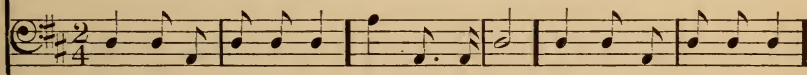
There Is a Happy Land

Andrew Young, 1838

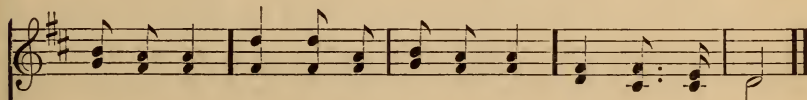
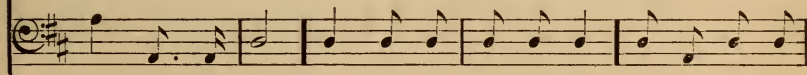
Hindustan Air



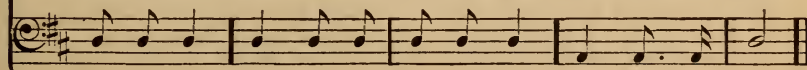
1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come away; Why will you doubt-ing stand,
3. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams every eye; Kept by a Fa-ther's hand,

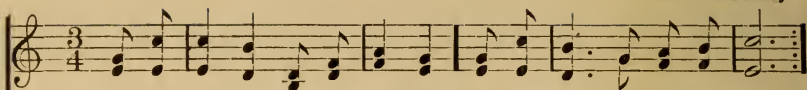


Bright, bright as day. O how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy is our
Why still de-lay? O we shall hap-py be, When, from sin and
Love can-not die. On then to glo-ry run; Be a crown and

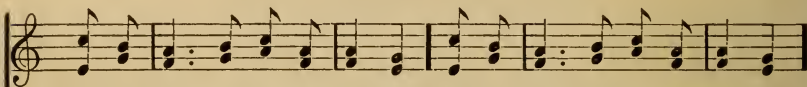
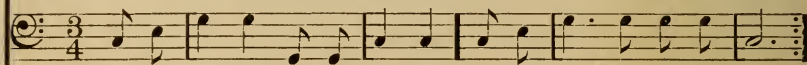


Sav-iour King; Loud let His praise-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
kingdom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, Reign, reign for aye.

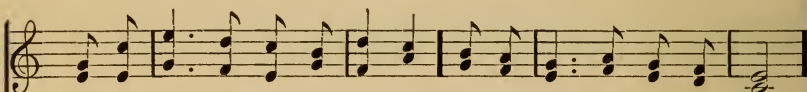
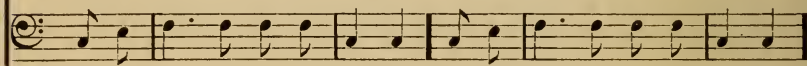




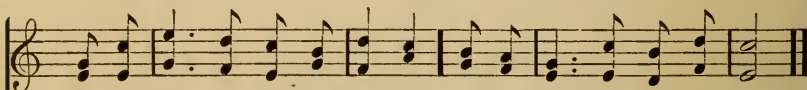
1. { BOYS. Whither, pilgrims, are you go-ing, Go - ing each with staff in hand? }
 { GIRLS. We are go - ing on a journey, Go - ing at our King's command. }
 2. { BOYS. Fear ye not the way so lone-ly— You, a lit - tle, fee-ble band? }
 { GIRLS. No, for friends unseen are near us: Ho - ly an - gels round us stand. }



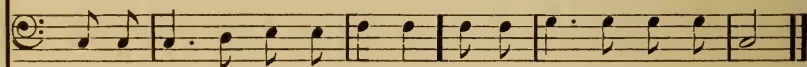
O - ver hills and plains and valleys, We are go - ing to His pal - ace,
 Christ, our Leader, walks be-side us: He will guard and He will guide us,



We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter land;
 He will guard and He will guide us, Guide us to that bet - ter land;



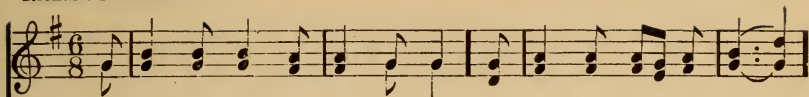
We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter land.
 He will guard and He will guide us, Guide us to that bet - ter land.



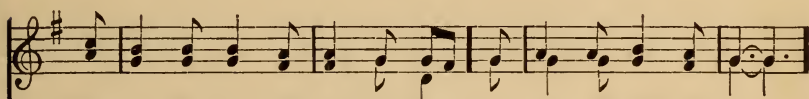
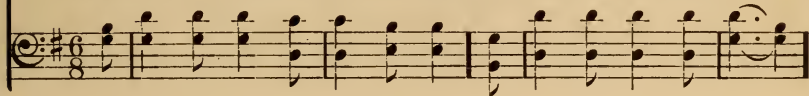
3 Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
 In that far-off better land.
 Spotless robes and crowns of glory
 From a Saviour's loving hand.
 We shall drink of life's clear river,
 We shall dwell with God for ever
 In that bright and better land. :||

4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
 To that bright, that better land?
 Come and welcome, come and welcome,
 Welcome to our pilgrim band.
 Come, O come, and do not leave us,
 Christ is waiting to receive us
 In that bright, that better land. :||

Richard Burnham



1. Je - sus, Thou art the sinner's Friend; As such I look to Thee;
2. Lord, I am guilt - y, I am vile, But Thy sal - va - tion's free;
3. And when I close my eyes in death, And hu - man help shall flee,



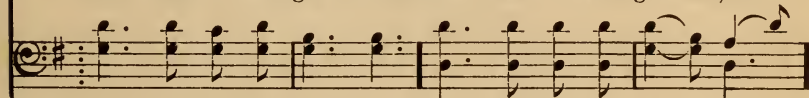
Now, in the full - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Then, in Thine all - a - bounding grace, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Then, then, my dear re - deem - ing God, O then re - mem - ber me.



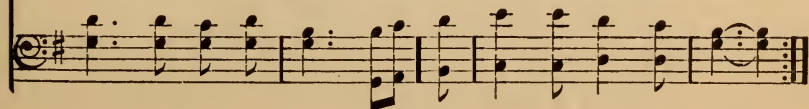
REFRAIN.



{ O how I love Je - sus! O how I love Je - sus!
 How can I for - get Thee? How can I for - get Thee, Lord?



O how I love Je - sus! Be - cause He first loved me.
 How can I for - get Thee? Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me. }

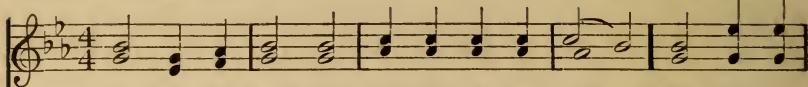


For All the Saints

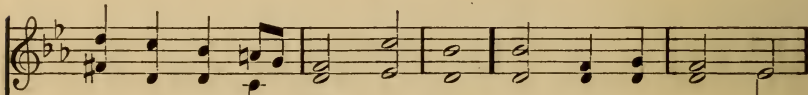
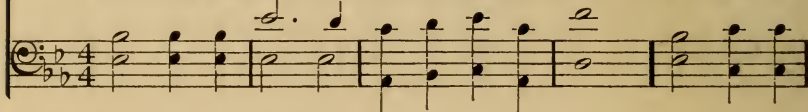
Bishop William W. How, 1864

(SARUM 10. 10 10. 4.)

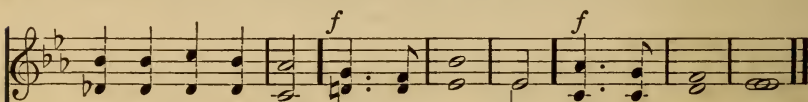
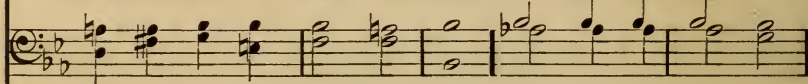
Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869



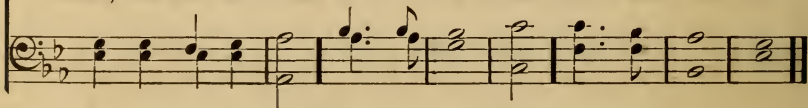
1. For all the saints who from their la-bors rest, Who Thee by
 2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their
 3. O may Thy sol-diers, faith-ful, true, and bold, Fight as the
 4. O blest com-mun-ion, fel-low-ship Di-vine! We feeb-ly



- faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy Name, O Je-sus,
 Cap-tain in the well-fought fight; Thou, in the dark-ness
 saints who nob-ly fought of old, And win with them the
 strug-gle, they in glo-ry shine; Yet all are one in



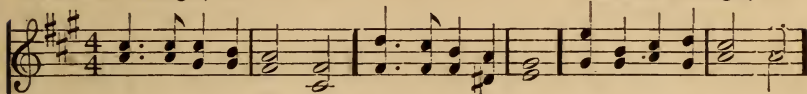
- be for ev-er blest. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
 drear, their one true Light. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
 vic-tor's crown of gold. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
 Thee, for all are Thine. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!



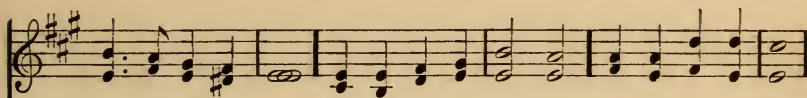
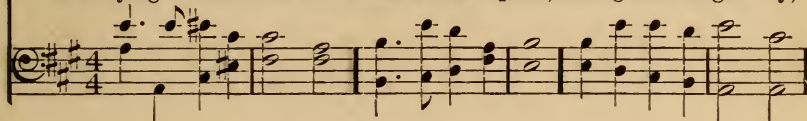
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia!

Francis R. Havergal, 1871

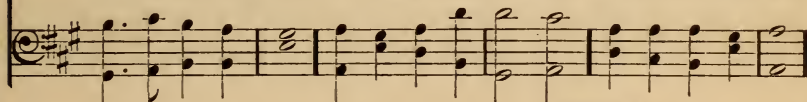
Francis R. Havergal, 1871



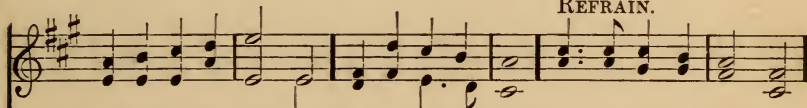
1. Golden harps are sounding, An - gel voices ring, Pearly gates are o - pened,
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glory,
3. Praying for His children In that blessed place, Calling them to glo - ry,



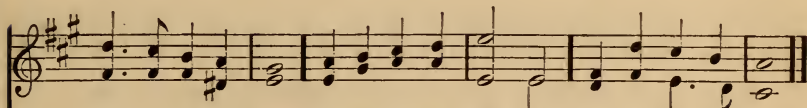
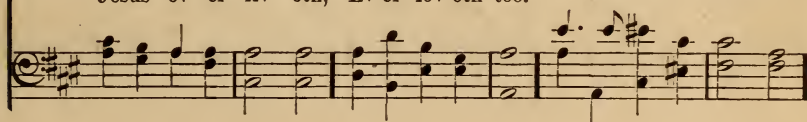
O - pened for the King: Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love,
 At His Fa - ther's side. Nev - er more to suf - fer, Never more to die,
 Sending them His grace; His bright home preparing, Faithful ones, for you;



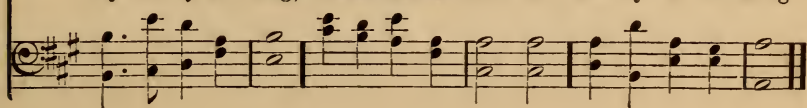
REFRAIN.



Is gone up in tri - umph To His throne above.
 Jesus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high. } All His work is end - ed,
 Jesus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too. }



Joy - ful - ly we sing; Je - sus hath as - cend - ed: Glo - ry to our King!

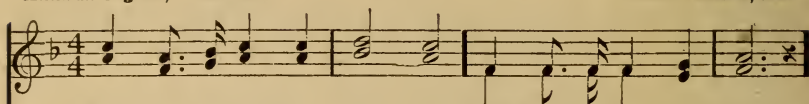


Work, for the Night Is Coming

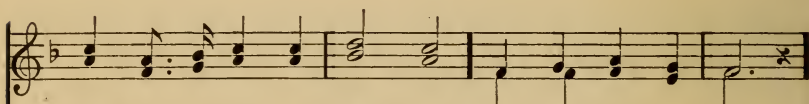
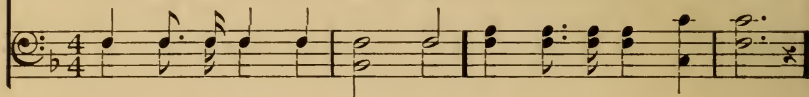
(WORK SONG 7. 6. 7. 5. D.)

Anna L. Coghill, c. 1860: alt.

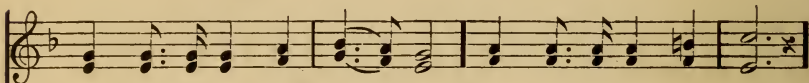
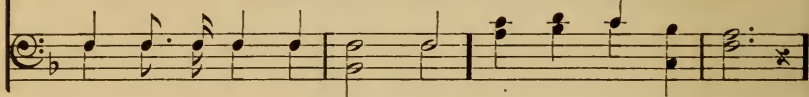
Lowell Mason, 1864



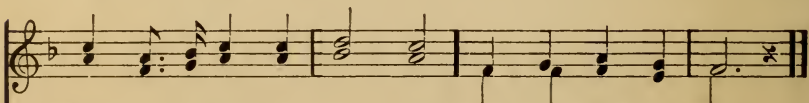
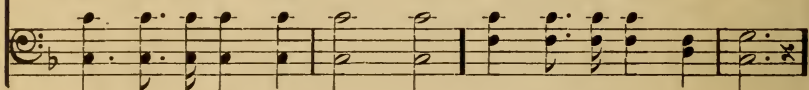
1. Work, for the night is com - ing: Work through the morning hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing: Work through the sunny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing: Un - der the sun - set skies,



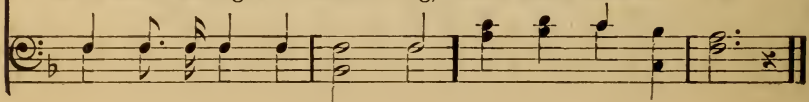
Work while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid springing flowers;
 Fill brightest hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;



Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;
 Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store;
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Work while the night is darken - ing, When man's work is o'er.

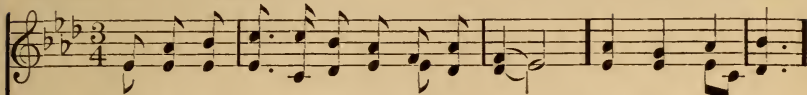


Lead, Kindly Light

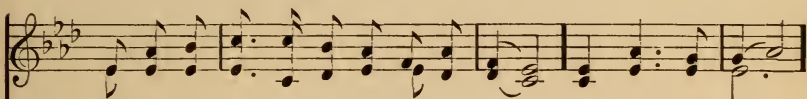
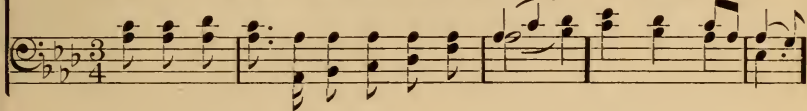
(LUX BENIGNA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.)

Cardinal John H. Newman, 1833

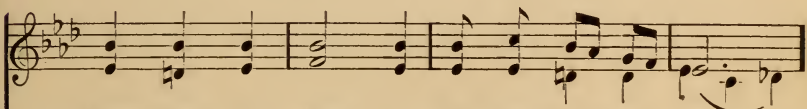
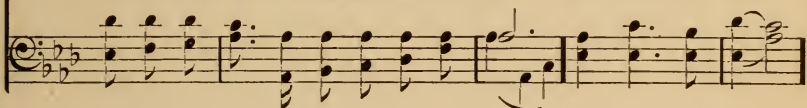
Rev. John B. Dykes (1823-1876)



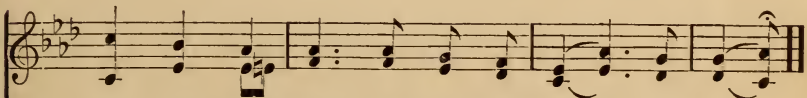
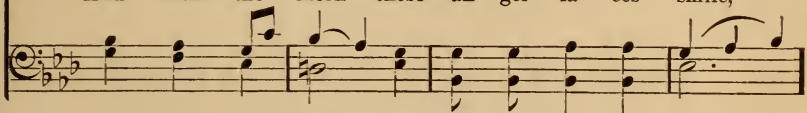
1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid the en-circ-ling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



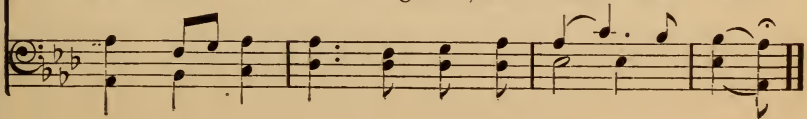
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on:
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone;



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 I loved the gar-ish day, and, spite of fears,
 And with the morn those an-gel fa-ces smile,



The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me.
 Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.



101 Around the Throne of God in Heaven

Anne H. Shepherd, alt

Arr. by H. E. Matthews, 1841

1. A - round the throne of God in heaven Thousands of children stand,
 2. In flow-ing robes of spot-less white See ev - ery one ar - rayed;
 3. What brought them to that world a-bove, That heaven so bright and fair,
 4. Be - cause the Sav-iour shed His blood To wash a - way their sin;
 5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace, On earth they loved His Name;

Chil - dren whose sins are all for-given, A ho - ly, hap - py band,
 Dwell - ing in ev - er - last - ing light And joys that nev - er fade,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love; How came those children there,
 Bathed in that pure and pre-cious flood, Be - hold them white and clean,
 So now they see His bless-ed face, And stand be-fore the Lamb,

REFRAIN.

Sing-ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high."

102 While Thee I Seek, Protecting Power

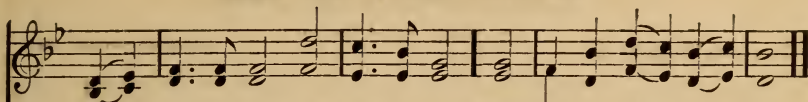
Helen M. Williams, 1786

(HEBER C. M.)

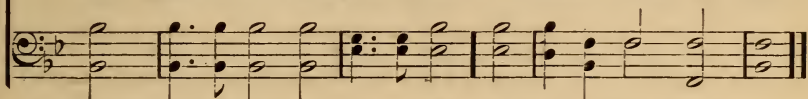
George Kingsley, 1838

1. While Thee I seek, pro-TECT-ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled;
 2. Thy love the powers of thought bestowed; To Thee my thoughts would soar:
 3. In each e-vent of life, how clear Thy rul-ing hand I see;
 4. In ev - ery joy that crowns my days, In ev - ery pain I bear,

While Thee I Seek, Continued



And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.
Each bless - ing to my soul more dear Be - cause con - ferred by Thee.
My heart shall find de - light in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.



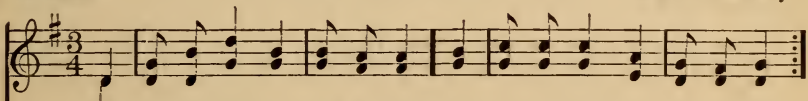
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

103

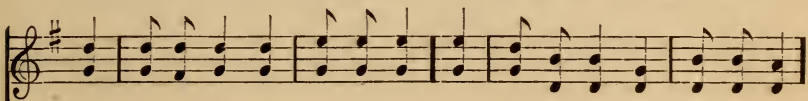
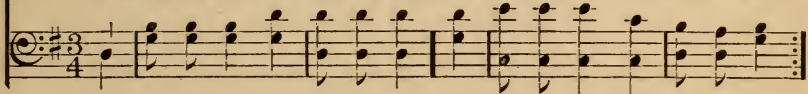
The Solid Rock

E. Mote

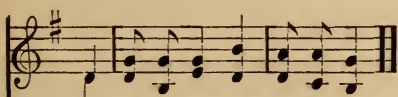
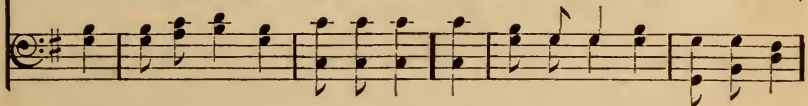
Wm. B. Bradbury



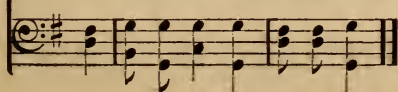
1. { My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; }
{ I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol - ly lean on Jesus' Name. }



On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand,



All other ground is sinking sand.



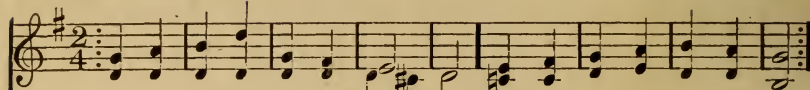
- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest upon unchanging grace;
In every rough and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.

- 3 His oath, His covenant, and His blood
Support me in the sinking flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my Hope and Stay.

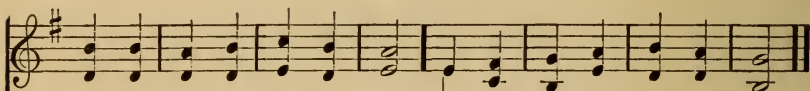
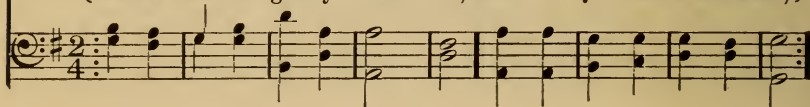
Rev. John Newton, 1779

(ALBERT 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.)

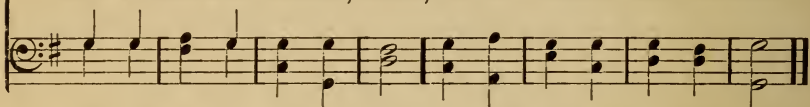
Heinrich Albert, 1643



1. { One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of Friend; }
 { His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end: }
2. { Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed their blood? }
 { But our Je - sus died to have us Re - con - ciled in Him to God: }
3. { When He lived on earth a - bas - ed, "Friend of sinners" was His name; }
 { Now a - bove all glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joi - ces in the same; }



They who once His kind - ness prove Find it ev - er - last - ing love.
 This was boundless love in - deed; Je - sus is a Friend in need.
 Still He calls them brethren, friends, And to all their wants at - tends.

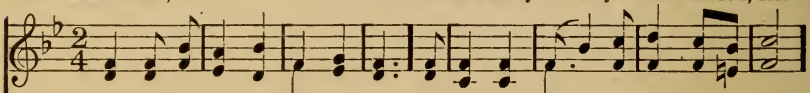


- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4 Could we bear from one another
 What He daily bears from us?
 Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
 Loves us though we treat Him thus:
 Though for good we render ill,
 He accounts us brethren still.</p> | <p>5 O for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above:
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love Thee as we ought.</p> |
|---|--|

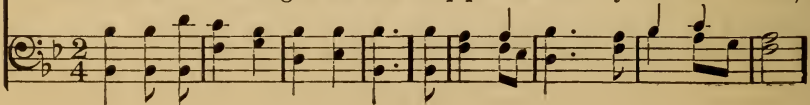
(WARD L. M.)

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

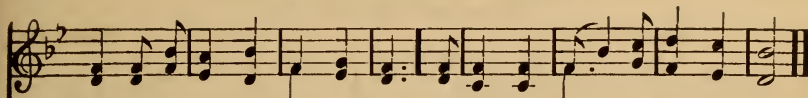
Old Scotch Melody: Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830



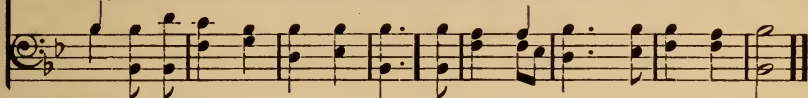
1. God is the Ref - uge of His saints When storms of sharp distress in - vade:
2. Let mountains from their seats be hurled Down to the deep, and bur - ied there,
3. Loud may the troubled o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide,
4. There is a stream whose gen - tle flow Sup - plies the cit - y of our God;



God Is the Refuge, Continued



Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Behold Him pres - ent with His aid.
 Con-vul-sions shake the sol-id world, Our faith shall nev - er yield to fear.
 While every na-tion, ev - ery shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through, And watering our Di-vine a - bode.



5 That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
 Our grief allays, our fear controls;
 Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting
 souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against a threatening hour;
 Nor can her firm foundation move,
 Built on His truth, and armed with
 power.

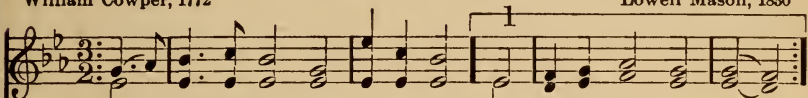
106

There Is a Fountain

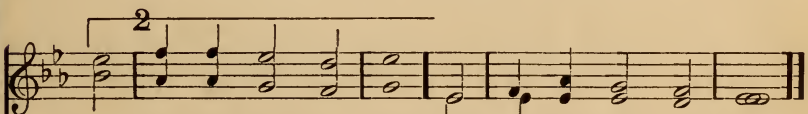
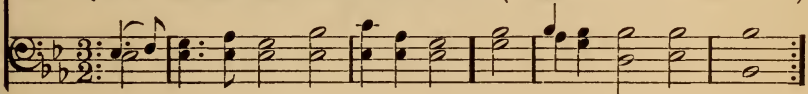
(COWPER C. M.)

William Cowper, 1772

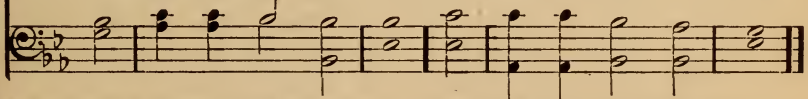
Lowell Mason, 1830



1. { There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, (*Omit*.....)
2. { The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he, (*Omit*.....)
3. { Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never loose its power
 Till all the ransomed Church of God (*Omit*.....)



Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 Washed all my sins a - way, Washed all my sins a - way.
 Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more.



4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die,

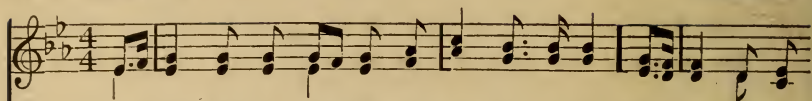
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering
 Lies silent in the grave. [tongue]

I Think, When I Read

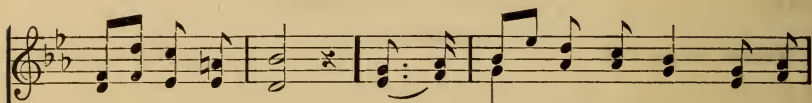
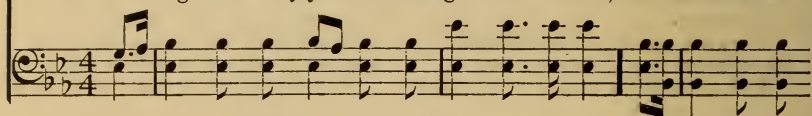
(THE CHILD'S DESIRE P. M.)

Mrs. Jemima Luke

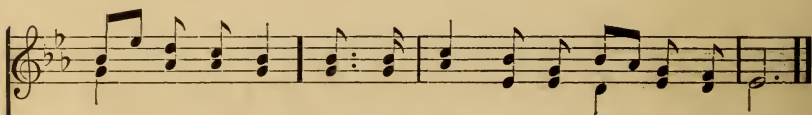
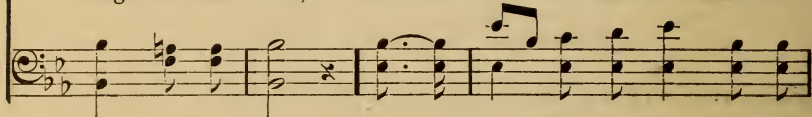
Greek Air



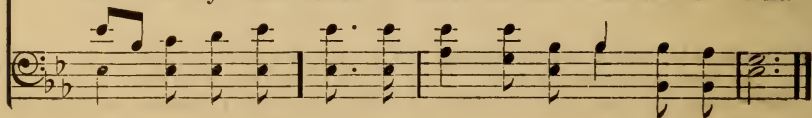
1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to prepare For all who are
5. I long for the joys of that glo - ri - ous time, The sweetest and

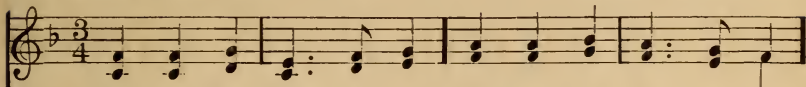


here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
 thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind
 share in His love; And if I thus earn - est - ly
 washed and for - given; And ma - ny dear chil - dren are
 bright - est and best, When the dear lit - tle chil - dren of

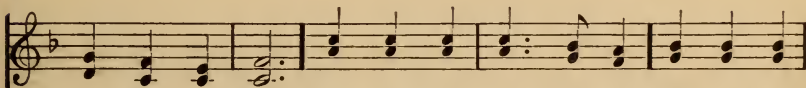
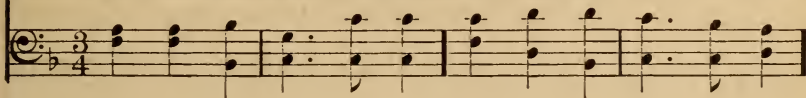


lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
 look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
 seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
 gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heaven."
 ev - e - ry ellme Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

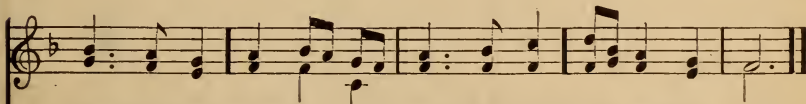
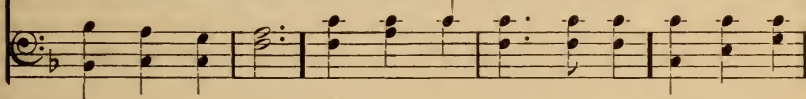




1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's



pil-grim's pride, From ev - ery mount-ain side Let free-dom ring.
 tem-pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.



109 (Tune, America.)

1 God bless our native land;
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night:
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our country save
 By Thy great might.

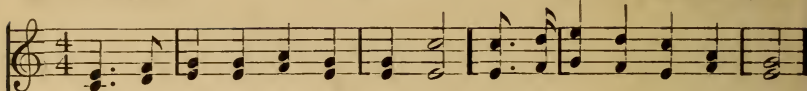
2 For her our prayers shall rise
 To God, above the skies;
 On Him we wait;
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State.

Rest for the Weary

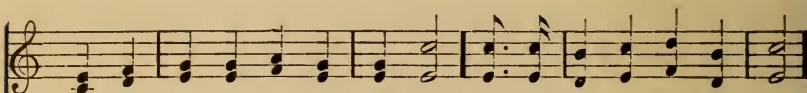
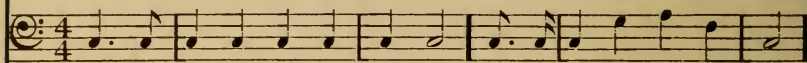
Rev. S. Y. Harmer

(8s. & 7s. D.)

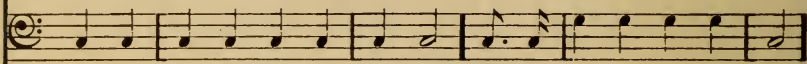
Rev. Wm. McDonald, 1857



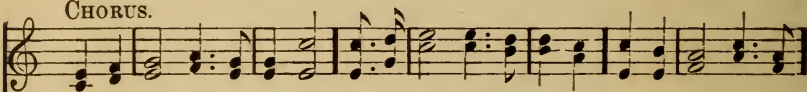
1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it - self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn;
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your triumph as you go;



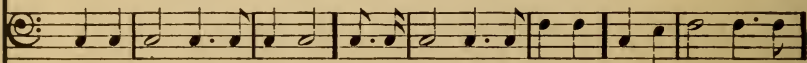
There my Saviour's gone be - fore me To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
 For my stay shall not be tran - sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
 But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre I a crown of life shall wear.
 Shout for glad - ness, O ye ran - somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
 Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.



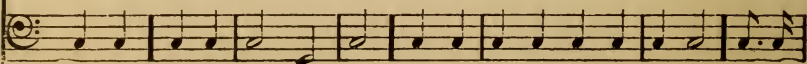
CHORUS.



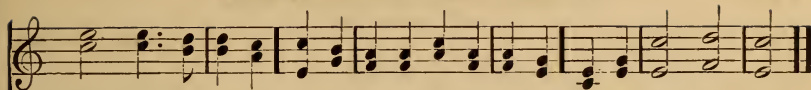
There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the



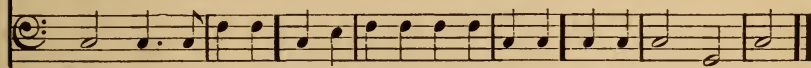
wea - ry, There is rest for you, On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the



Rest for the Weary, Continued



sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.



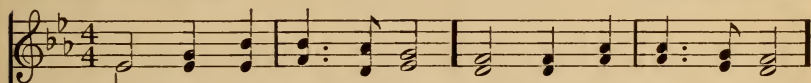
111

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

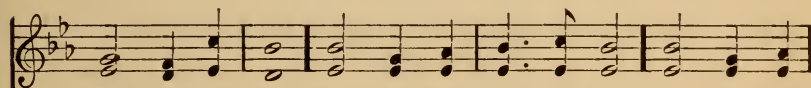
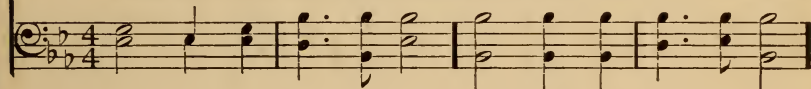
(OLIVET (MASON) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.)

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1830

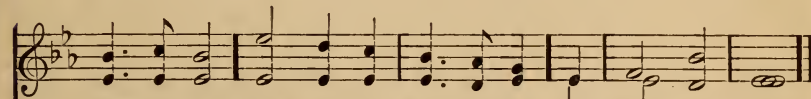
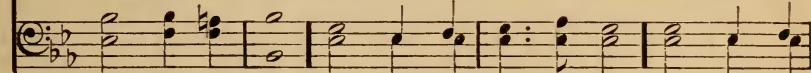
Lowell Mason, 1832



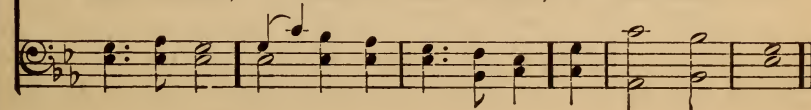
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - iour Di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -



guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.



1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,
 2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y power,
 3. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength en - dued;
 4. That, hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts past,

Strong in the strength which God supplies Through His E - ter - nal Son.
 Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
 And take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - op - ly of God:
 Ye may o'er - come through Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.

113 Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing

(DORRANCE 8s. & 7s.)

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1848

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
 2. Here I'll sit, for ev - er view - ing Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
 3. Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be - fore His cross to lie,
 4. Love and grief my heart di - vid - ed, With my tears His feet I'll bathe;

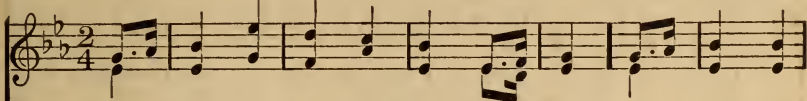
Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing From the sinner's dy - ing Friend.
 Precious drops, my soul be - dew - ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
 While I see Di - vine com - pas - sion Pleading in His lan - guid eye.
 Constant still in faith a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from His death.

114 Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve

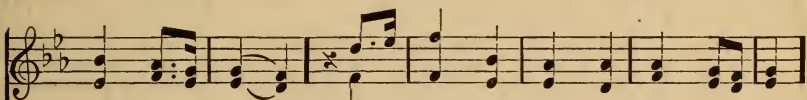
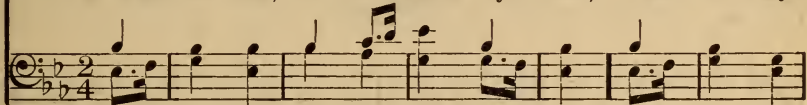
(CHRISTMAS C. M.)

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

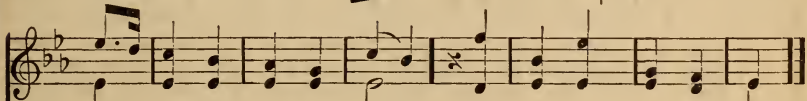
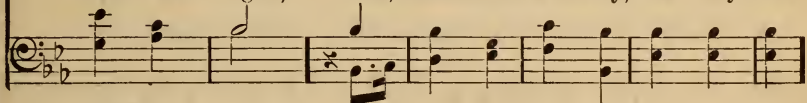
Arr. from George F. Handel, 1728



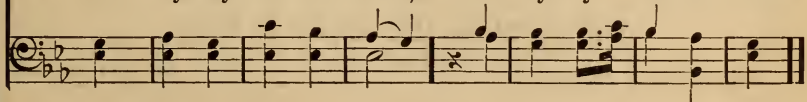
1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee
4. Blest Sav - iour, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my



- vig - or on; A heav - en - ly race de - mands thy zeal,
 full sur - vey: For - get the steps al - read - y trod,
 from on high; 'Tis His own hand pre - sents the prize
 race be - gun; And, crowned with vic - tory, at Thy feet



- And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
 And on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
 To thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.
 I'll lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down.



115 (Tune, Dornance, 8s. & 7s.)

- 1 Humble, Lord! my haughty spirit,
 Bid my swelling thoughts subside;
 Strip me of my fancied merit;
 What have I to do with pride?

- 2 Was my Saviour meek and lowly?
 And shall such a worm as I,
 Weak and earthly and unholy,
 Dare to lift my head on high?

- 3 Teach me, Lord! my true condition;
 Bring me childlike to Thy knee;
 Stripped of every low ambition,
 Willing to be led by Thee.

- 4 Guide me by Thy Holy Spirit;
 Feed me by Thy blessed word:
 All my wisdom, all my merit,
 Borrowed from Thyself, O Lord!

H. F. Lyte

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease,

Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
 Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in dark - ness drear,
 Noth - ing left but heaven and prayer, Wondering if our names were there;

D.S.—Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice.
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wading deep the dis - mal flood, Pleading nought but Je - sus' blood;

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
 2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught escapes, with - out, with - in,
 3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way;
 4. Thou who, sinless, yet hast known All of man's in - fir - mi - ty;

Sottly How the Light of Day, Continued

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord I would commune with Thee.
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
 Then from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye.

118 There Is a Land of Pure Delight

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

(VARINA C. M. D.)

George F. Root, 1849

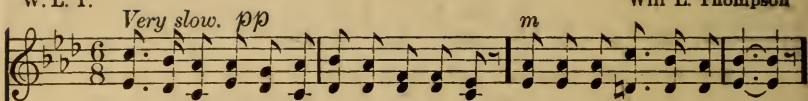
1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; }
 { In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain. }
 2. { Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green; }
 { So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jor-dan rolled between. }
 3. { O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, }
 { And see the Ca-naan that we love With un - be-cloud - ed eyes; }

There ev - er-last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-withering flowers;
 But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea;
 Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

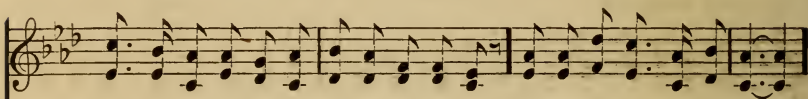
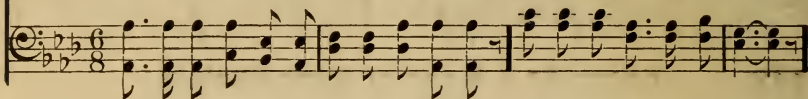
Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
 And ling - er, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

W. L. T.

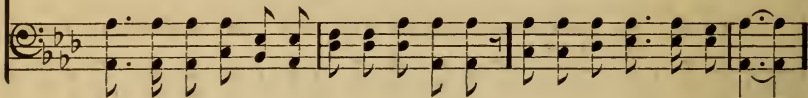
Will L. Thompson



1. Soft - ly and tenderly Je - sus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



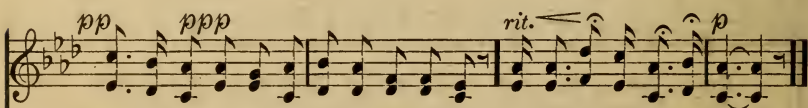
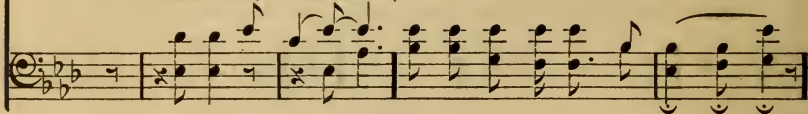
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death warnings coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Though we have sinned He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.



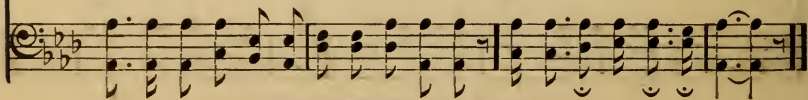
CHORUS.

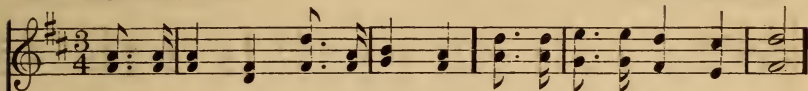


Come home, Come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;.....
 Come home, Come home,

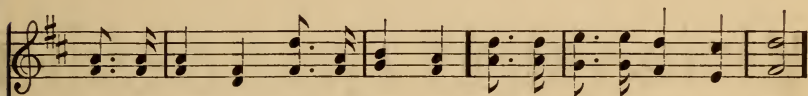
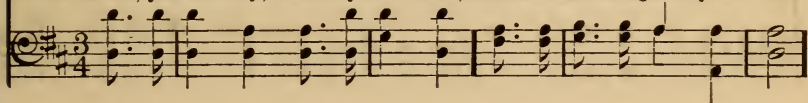


Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is calling, Call - ing, O sinner, come home!

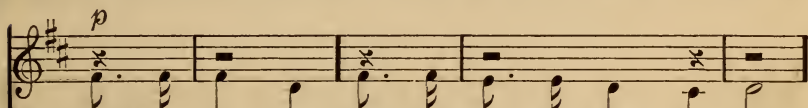
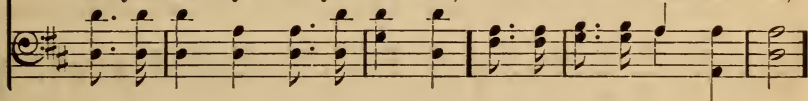




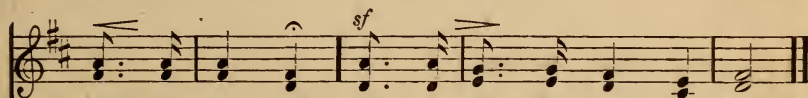
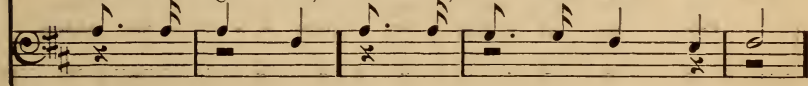
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Ho, ye need - y, come and welcome; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you ling - er; Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall:



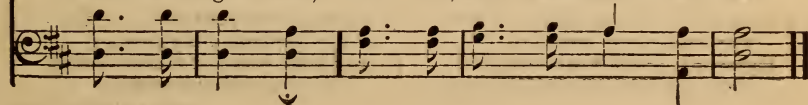
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and power;
 True be - lief, and true re - pent - ance, — Every grace that brings you nigh, —
 All the fit - ness, He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him:
 If you tar - ry 'till your bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all,



He is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more;
 With - out mon - ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy;
 This He gives you, — 'Tis the Spir - it's glimmer - ing beam,
 Not the right - eous, — Sin - ners, Je - sus came to call.



He is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more.
 With - out mon - ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.
 This He gives you, — 'Tis the Spir - it's glimmer - ing beam.
 Not the right - eous, — Sin - ners, Je - sus came to call.

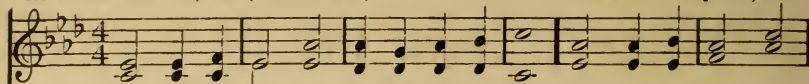


121 Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise

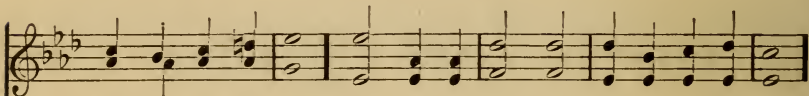
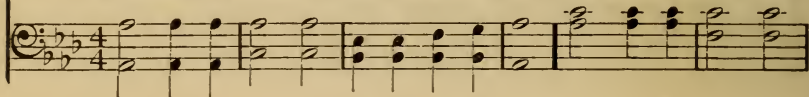
(ELLERS 10s.)

Rev. John Ellerton, 1866 (Text of 1868)

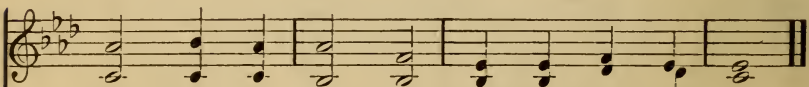
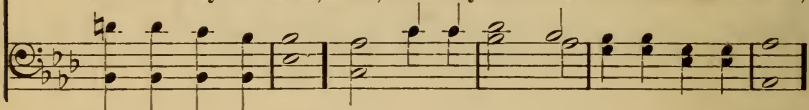
Edward J. Hopkins, 1867



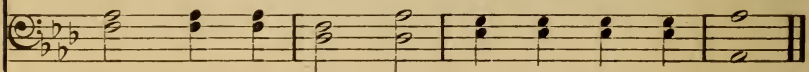
1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be - gan, with
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night; Turn Thou for us its
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sor - row,



part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
Thee shall end the day: Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy children free,
and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,



Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
That in this house have called up - on Thy Name.
For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.



122 (Tune, "Heber," No. 102.)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise. 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy. 4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew. |
|--|--|

Joseph Addison, 1713

Geo. W. Bethune

Wm. B. Bradbury

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en,
 2. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote this name a - bove Him
 3. So now, up - on His Father's throne—Al - might-y to re - lease us
 4. O Je - sus! by that matchless Name Thy grace shall fail us nev - er

FINE.
 The name, be - fore His wondrous birth, To Christ the Sav-iour giv - en.
 That all might see the rea-son we For ev - er-more must love Him.
 From sin and pain—He ev - er reigns, The Prince and Saviour, Je - sus.
 To - day as yes - ter - day the same, Thou art the same for ev - er.

D.S.—For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet, as "Je - sus!"

REFRAIN. *D.S.*
 We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je - sus!

124 (Tune, "Pleyel's Hymn," No. 80.)

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise,
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 Wisdom if thou still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore,
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy season should be o'er
 Ere this evening's stage be run.

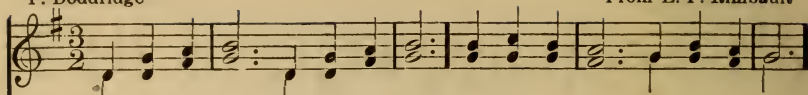
3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
 Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blessed,
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest perdition thee arrest
 Ere the morrow is begun.

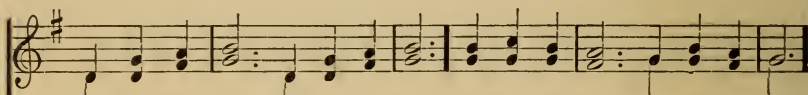
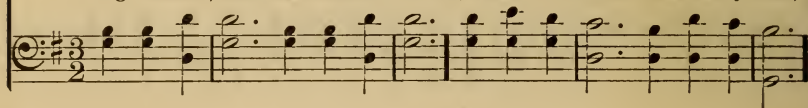
Thomas Scott

P. Doddridge

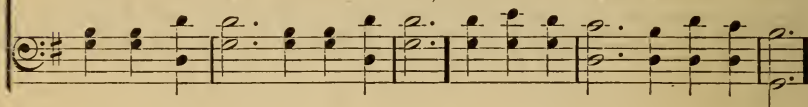
From E. F. Rimbault



1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour, and my God!
2. O hap-py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love;
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-tre, rest;
5. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dai-ly hear,

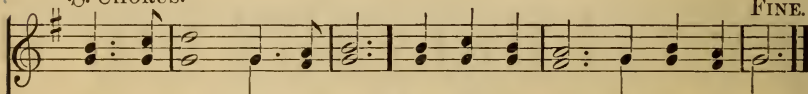


Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
 Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
 Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev-ery good possessed.
 Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

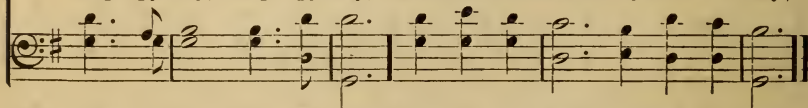


S: CHORUS.

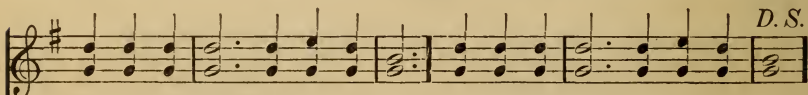
FINE.



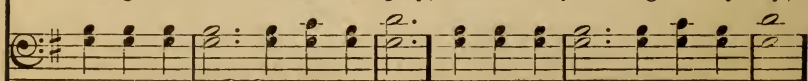
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;



D.S.—Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way.

*D.S.*

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-ery day;



L. H.

Lewis Hartsough

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee
 2. Though com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure;
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love,
 4. 'Tis Je - sus who con-firms The bless - ed work with - in,

For cleans-ing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 Thou dost my vile-ness ful-ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
 To per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heaven a - bove.
 By add - ing grace to welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

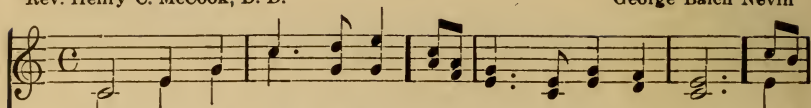
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5 And He the witness gives
 To loyal hearts and free,
 That every promise is fulfilled,
 If faith but brings the plea.

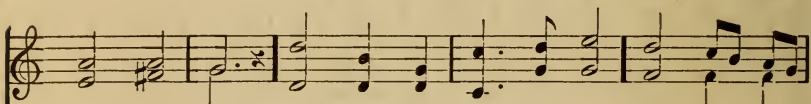
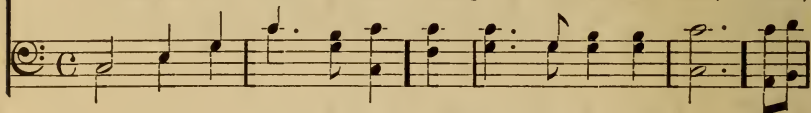
6 All hail, atoning blood!
 All hail, redeeming grace!
 All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
 Our Strength and Righteousness!

Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D.

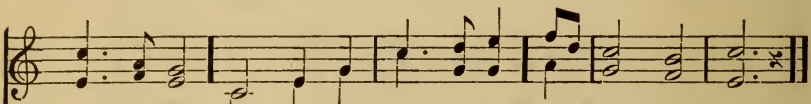
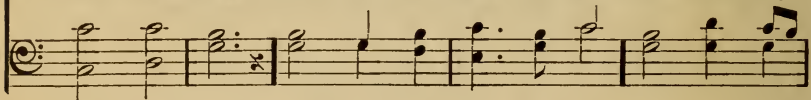
George Balch Nevin



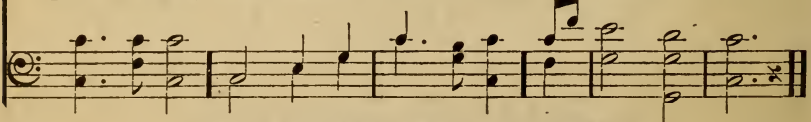
1. Al - might - y Lord of All, The na - tions rise and fall At
 2. From Thee the sa - cred fires Here kin - dled by our sires, Their
 3. We bless Thee for the hand That led the he - ro band Who
 4. What time the clouds of woe Hung o'er us dark and low, Thou,



Thy com - mand. Our Fa - ther's Staff and Stay, Keep Thou their
 fer - vor draw,—Faith and Fra - ter - ni - ty, Vir - tue and
 made us free; For ev - ery val - iant son Whose life our
 Lord, wast near. Still be our Staff and Stay; Hear Thou Thy



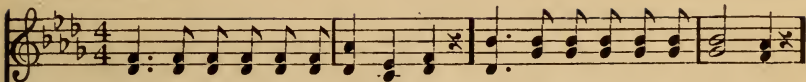
Chil-dren's way! God guard Co - lum - bi - a, Our Fa - ther - land!
 In - dus - try, Love of the Truth and Thee, Free - dom and Law!
 free - dom won, O God of Wash - ing - ton, We hon - or Thee!
 peo - ple pray; God Guard Co - lum - bi - a, Our Coun - try dear!



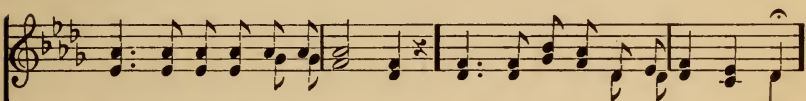
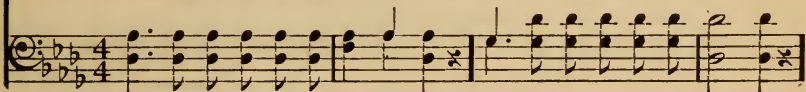
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5 Hold in Thy Mighty Hand
 Our troops by sea and land,
 In fort and field!
 Give them to do and dare;
 In days of danger spare,
 And guard them by Thy care
 O God, our Shield!

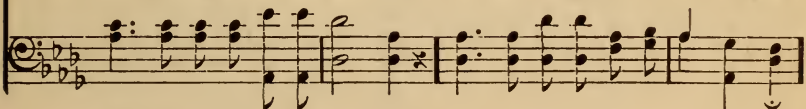
6 Lord God of land and wave,
 The sovereign People save!
 On Thee they wait!
 Do Thou perpetuate
 Thy glory in the State!
 Save our Chief Magistrate!
 God save the State!



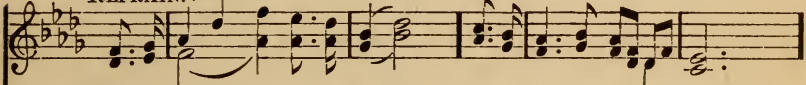
1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels, guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,



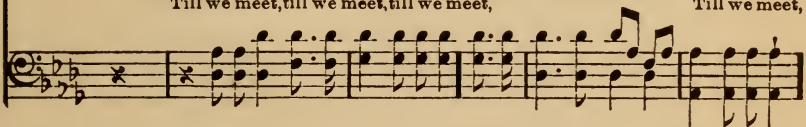
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet again.
 Dai - ly man-na still di-vide you; God be with you till we meet again.
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet again.
 Smite death's threatening wave before you; God be with you till we meet again.



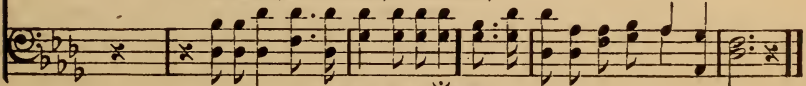
REFRAIN.



Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,



Till we meet, ... till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
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